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Winning the Markets of the Orient
By A. J. Beveridge

The Autobiography of an Immigrant
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The Lieutenant and The Princess—By Molly Elliot Seawell

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Winning the Markets of the Orient

By Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana

IT HAS grown into a truism that no one who has resided for a long time among a foreign people can write intelligently about them. The reason is that these very points of difference which constitute the essential matters of interest become commonplace after a surprisingly short residence; and the very things which a newcomer notes with greatest interest, and which are, in fact, of greatest interest, soon become obscured by familiarity.

"I have been here in Nagasaki three weeks," said a brilliant young American woman, "and whereas the first week I could not write letters enough of these strange people, now I can write nothing at all except that the China arrived yesterday or that one of the Empress' boats is expected in to-morrow. All of the things which were so novel to me when I landed have now become a matter of course."

She spoke truly and deeply. The same thing is true of everybody else, and of course of the American consul, excepting that, in his case, he has activities and duties which keep him discovering new and fresh subjects of interest for a long season. The keenness of his new experiences is a practical asset which nothing but the very stupidity of statesmanship will overlook. Then, too, he goes to the work with determination to make a "record" for himself and for his Government. He is a fresh charge of Americanism for the particular point to which he is sent. He is always at the beck and call of the American merchants. He is anxious to make a little better report to the State Department than anybody else makes to any other Government. I know an American Oriental consul of almost sixty who is positively unhappy if he goes to bed at night without having accomplished *some specific thing* for American trade.

What to do to improve our consular service is therefore not so clear. If some method could be devised by which we could continue our consuls for a long period of service—indeed, make them practically life officers, *and at the same time keep up their energy and interest, which the experience of other Governments has shown is gradually destroyed by long residence in a country*—then the problem would be simplified if not solved.

The Cleverness of the Emperor of Germany

The German Emperor has accomplished this by his personal interest and activity. Every man is made to feel that the Emperor William's eye is on him and that every German merchant's eye is on him, and that he will be reported, or reprimanded, or promoted, according to the neglect or discharge of his duty. But the consuls of other countries holding life tenures soon become atrophied in power; their activities undergo a stupifying and relaxing process by reason of the certainty of their tenure and their long familiarity with conditions, a familiarity which in the end makes everything commonplace and as a matter of course to them.

This is a perplexing subject. Our consular service must be improved, but the difficulty is to avoid, in the improving, the paring away of that vigorous and vital quality which now makes our consuls, unequipped though they may be, superior to those of any other nation. Doctor Von Berg-Rekow, head of the German Bureau of Commercial Treaties, says that the "United States has covered Europe with a network of consulates, and makes its consuls at the same time inspectors of our exports and vigilant sentinels who, spying out our trade openings, make them their advantage and report them."

This is a tribute to the intelligence and vigilance of our consular service from our most watchful and most increasingly active commercial rival. If to these advantages of practical resourcefulness we can add knowledge of the language of the country to which the consul is accredited, a long tenure of service, and the appointment of none but trustworthy and approved men, *and if we can at the same time evolve some method to keep their interest and energy constantly fresh*, we shall have solved the problem.

The building of railroads in China will be the one great industrial development of the twentieth century so far as foreign investment in Asia is concerned. There are probably thirty thousand miles of line projected and actually surveyed, but the extent of rails laid, upon which trains are running in the Chinese Empire exclusive of Manchuria, is less than four hundred miles. There is not one mile of railroad in China for every million people. That great trunk lines in every direction will be built, and that speedily, speaking in the historical sense, is as certain as the progress of civilization itself. And wherever a line of railroad goes trade goes, and where a line of railroad goes the trade of the nation which built it is chiefly carried.

Germany's railway concession in Shangtung has been set out in full in these papers. Very little goods will be carried along those lines except those bearing the trade-mark, "Made in Germany." It has been pointed out that judicial and police privileges accompany these grants, and that, however it may be disguised and however the machinery of Chinese administration may be employed, the hand of German law and order will in reality be over all; and by this plan, it has been noted, the practical partition of China is moving forward. It is not to be supposed that the district which Germany pays hundreds of millions of dollars to make commercially and industrially modern will be enjoyed by other nations with a freedom of access equal to that of the Germans themselves.

The far-sightedness of the Russians in pushing their railway lines through this mighty area of future human development, the associated activities of French and Belgian syndicates, undoubtedly in connection and cooperation with Russia, have been observed. In this particular the English themselves have exhibited a flash of their old energy and daring resourcefulness in projecting a line into China, connecting its principal cities with the great railway system of India.

A Lamentable Lack of American Enterprise

It is unfortunate that American syndicates have not looked into this matter. One, indeed, did so and was convinced of the profitable nature of the enterprise, and a railway concession was secured from the Chinese Government, but I understand that since the death of the principal promoter the American interest in that enterprise has been largely abandoned. It is hard to believe that American capital, which is now looking abroad for opportunities of investment and exploitation worthy of its magnitude, energy, resourcefulness and power, will long overlook these unrivaled opportunities. Two or three lines of road, built by our citizens and backed by our Government with indorsement (not financial) and diplomatic aid, could be built in China, and a firm foothold could thus be secured from which the future of American commerce in the Orient might be safeguarded and satisfactorily and practically increased. The fear which thoughtful Americans who go over the ground are forced to entertain is that our great aggregations of capital will overlook this most inviting field until the choice routes have been preëmpted by the capitalists of other nations and until the joint action of rival Powers will compel the Chinese Government to refuse further railway concessions, or at least further concessions to us. Should this unfortunate development occur, it will indeed be a sorry circumstance. Moralizing is of little use in practical affairs, but occasionally a dash of it is needed to give spirit and life and meaning to material enterprise. And the thought is here interjected that perhaps Americans are taking too much for granted as to our future; that it may turn out in the course of a few decades that they have not been far-seeing enough; that our eyes are fixed so immovably upon the steady stream of gold pouring into our coffers that we look not to the source which alone can continue that stream in the future.

The Uses of Battle-Ships and Battle-Flags

Another thing which the Government should do, for every possible reason and from every possible point of view, and which would have a distinctly beneficial effect upon American trade in China, is to keep in Chinese waters all but one or two ships of our Pacific Squadron. Moreover, the heaviest part of our navy should be kept in Asiatic waters. It is there that the conflicts of the future will occur and it is there where our visible power should be manifest to all beholders. German trade increases with every German warship that appears in Chinese ports. It is a circumstance worth noting that British trade has decreased coincidently with the decrease in the number of British flags appearing in Chinese waters. It is unprofitable to take too much space in tracing out the psychological causes of this, but briefly it may be said, and said again, that the Chinese, like all Orientals, are impressed in a way quite impossible for our race to understand by evidences of power which they can behold with the physical eye.

Even we are profoundly impressed and greatly influenced as an entire nation by similar things. The German Emperor understands this, and, not satisfied with the practical politics of his otherwise unnecessary personal greetings to our Chief Magistrate, he saw to it that all Americans were informed that the Emperor's yacht was to be launched from an American shipyard. It was an object-lesson of a kind which this greatest of European monarchs understands how to use better perhaps than does any other living statesman. The world will remember the spectacular journey of the German Emperor to Jerusalem. It was great game for our caricaturists and great material for our paragraphers, and a windfall for our funny men. The French illustrated papers had unending sport with this modern Don Quixote. But Emperor William knew what he was about, and he had not been back at his imperial residence in Berlin many months when Europe and the world suddenly awoke to the fact that he had played the most brilliant diplomatic game of the decade and had captured at a stroke almost all of the commerce of Asia Minor and the good-will of Turkey, and had brought beneath his protection the Catholics of the Levant. His glittering train had impressed the people of Asia Minor that the real power of Europe was Germany, and his mediæval entry into Jerusalem, with all the splendors of a conquering monarch

Editor's Note—The first paper on Winning the Markets of the Orient appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of March 22. The concluding paper on this subject and in Senator Beveridge's series on the East will appear next week.

and all the humility of a devotional pilgrim, set at work that most electric of influences, mouth-to-mouth gossip, and the talk of Germany's power and prestige grew from tongue to tongue until all that part of Asia forgot everything but Germany. The German merchants were quick to take advantage of this psychological condition created by their resourceful Emperor, and, although but a breathing space has passed since then, German trade is monopolizing all the commerce of that vast region.

However reasonable or unreasonable this explanation may be, there is no possible doubt of the influence upon Oriental minds of ships, flags and the material expressions of masterfulness in the world. It is quite as cheap for the American Government to keep its ships cruising from Chinese port to Chinese port as it is to keep them anywhere else. They would be on the sea of the great world movement of the future—aye, and even of the present. They would be familiarizing themselves with the conditions with which America must masterfully deal, and, by the methods familiar to the students of Oriental character, would each moment be increasing Chinese respect for our power and Chinese confidence in our ability to do things. Besides, if there is to be a fight between the nations it is likely to begin in these waters. The Pacific will not only be the theatre of the great commerce of the future but of the wars of the future, too.

The Ideas of a Great Chinese Business Man

Li Hung Chang has been heralded to the world as a great statesman. He was not such. It is an illustration of an unfortunate disposition among Americans to take up somebody whose name is constantly repeated and to take it for granted that he is a great this, that or the other. Li Hung Chang had none of the elements of statesmanship. The writer could wish that the scope of this paper permitted a review of this remarkable personality. It does not, however. But this much may be said, that Li Hung Chang was a great business man—a dishonest one, perhaps, but still a resourceful one. In a long conversation with him, held more than two years ago, he suggested (after going through his customary talk to American public men about the admission of Chinese into the United States), upon being requested to give his honest views as to some practical and definite method of increasing American trade, that the two corner-stones of American commercial influence in China would be a great banking establishment and two or three or even one powerful American trading-house. "The English," said he, "have the great firms of Jardin, Matheson & Co. and Butterfield & Swire. They have the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the Chartered Bank. Their great commercial firms own their own lines of ships. They have their own commercial buildings at every port. They have their system of compradors reduced to a science. It is these agencies that have helped England in China more than all her diplomatic negotiations, which have been neither clever nor brilliant."

The Germans understand this a good deal better than do the English to-day. In fact, the English seem to be forgetting all they ever learned. If there could be an American trading company with ten, twenty, or even fifty million dollars of capital, owning its own ships, flying the American flag, and capable of immense purchases, you would see American trade grow in a way that would astonish you. Then, too, no diplomatic demand of the American Government is ever backed up by any cash proposition, whereas England has her banking corporations, and so have Germany and Russia, immediately on the spot.

"*If you Americans expect to get a large share of Chinese trade you can't do it by talk; you have got to go after it.*" Thus Li Hung Chang had grasped with great clearness the commercial advantages to a nation which flow from vast aggregations of capital like our trusts. Indeed, one cannot see clearly how we are to reduce the growing influence of Germany, with her commercial methods, heavily backed by capital and brilliantly supported by her Government, unless there shall be two or three enormous American concerns engaged in the competition. All the trade we have in China we owe to location and to the better quality and cheaper prices of our goods, but this will not suffice. The goods must be pushed. Chinamen must know about them. They must wear our cottons, taste our flour, smoke our tobacco. This is a matter of extraordinary expense.

How to Make China Like Our Goods

Very practical methods indeed must be resorted to in selling foreign goods in China. The Chinaman's demand for nearly all our products is from an acquired taste like our desire for tomatoes. You must get him used to eating American flour. When you have accomplished this you have created a constant and increasing demand for that staple food product. A few years ago no American flour was sold in China. Gradually, however, flour bread began to be eaten by some of the richer merchants who had traveled abroad. Then the compradors took it up. Then it occurred to some mill owners in America that if these Chinamen liked their flour the people themselves would like it, and two intelligent agents took the matter up. The result is, that the trade in American flour has now reached such a volume in Hongkong that it requires shipload after shipload each year to satisfy it, and this demand is spreading steadily and rapidly, but with a snail's pace compared with the progress it might have if pushed by great capital and comprehensive organizing ability, and by broad and far-seeing business methods. I state, after many conversations with commercial men and after mature thought, that in ten years Chinese demand for American flour could be made to reach the immense total of thirty million dollars, or more than double the amount of our entire exportation to China at present. It will not reach ten millions probably, but if we should engage in Chinese trade earnestly it could be driven to the limit named.

An American tobacco company has illustrated the rapidity with which Oriental demand may be created and the success with which the supply of that demand may be monopolized. This corporation decided to enter the Oriental field. It put in charge a general representative in love with his work, particularly with the products of the company he represents. One whiff by a Chinaman was enough; he became familiar with that company's brand ("chop," he called it), purchased it almost exclusively, told his friends about it, and they repeated the process until one of the most flourishing branches of the company's foreign trade is its Chinese trade.

There is also a growing demand for American condensed milk, and thereby hangs a tale illustrative of Chinese character. The Chinaman becomes accustomed to a certain brand. He knows the can or package by the picture on it and the characters printed there—its "chop." When he acquires a taste for a brand, that is the brand he wants. A certain American firm had fostered Chinese trade in condensed milk until a considerable demand had been created in the district of which Shanghai is the entry port. A new management came into control of the business. At its head was a young man who did not admire the artistic proportions and the general get-up of the label. "We must have something neater, more modest," he said; and a very becoming label was substituted for the old one. In a single month Chinese demand for that article fell away more than fifty per cent. and in three months it was practically non-existent. The old label was replaced and again the demand sprang up. The point is that the Chinaman did not understand that the new label represented the same milk which he had become used to. The firm would have been compelled to go through the original process of creating a new demand for the same brand on account of the new label.

Whims and Oddities of Chinese Character

Chinese character is full of these idiosyncrasies and they must be noted and studied by those who expect to sell the Chinese goods. And the study is very well worth while, for be it remembered that just as there is no gambler in the world like the Chinaman, so there is no customer in the world like the Chinaman. People may talk about Chinese frugality and self-denial all they please, but the Chinaman indulges himself more unrestrainedly than does any other denizen of the earth. He has seen so many centuries pass; he knows that so many uncountable myriads of millions have died; he realizes, to borrow a phrase from the brilliant Hubbard, "that we are going through life for the last time;" and so he ministers to his physical senses. Therefore when you capture his desire you have captured his pocketbook. The Chinaman is bent on satisfying his appetite, and he likes good things. American meats, American milk, American tobacco, most of all American flour, please his palate. But he is not going to learn about our products by intuition, or mental telepathy, or visions or dreams. He has got to learn about them by his physical senses. Therefore they must be brought to his door and placed on his table. The Chinaman is a fish that jumps at no metal fly. The only bait he seizes is the real thing.

Therefore American merchants ought to have reliable, energetic, tactful agents in China introducing their goods in a practical way. There is one medical firm whose patent preparations are known all over the United States. It has built up an astonishing demand for its medicines in the limited area connected with a certain port. But the agent who created the demand is a man of capacity and patience and resource and tirelessness.

The Advantages of an American Combination

In default of an American trading company of the capital and size which the Chinese commercial field demands, American merchants ought to form a pool and pay very liberally for the introduction of each other's goods throughout the Orient by giving away samples until the demand is created, and then they should be prepared to fill that demand on the spot. It would be the cheapest form of advertising and the result would be more permanent than advertising in America. Indeed a combination of American manufacturers already uses this plan, but in a hard and fast, stiff, unelastic and impracticable way. There are at Shanghai an American warehouse and, in the best quarter of the town, a very large American show-room for the display of American manufactured articles like machinery, glass, tools and tiles, and one or two other places are similarly equipped. These warehouses, however, are the beginnings of a movement in the right direction. If they could be supplemented by selling departments competent to fill any reasonably large orders on the spot, and in charge of thoroughly trustworthy selling agents whose exclusive business would be the introduction and sale of goods without any other connection whatever, the warehouse and show-room plan would show some returns. Very little result can be expected from the present awkward arrangement, however. Chinamen are too busily sought out by the Germans and even by the English, and most of all by the gallant little company of American merchants on the spot, to spend their time going around to the storeroom to look admiringly on wares and then order on their own initiative.

I emphasize the necessity for reliable men because experience has developed the fact that there are many commercial adventurers in the Far East, men of real ability, of singular glibness of tongue and plausibility of manner, who when given these commercial agencies do nothing but draw the salary and finally decamp with the proceeds of the investment. On the other hand, there are in the Far East large numbers of competent, trustworthy, devoted men thoroughly in love with their work, and that number is increasing.

The Sorrows of a Humorous Lecturer—By Charles Battell Loomis

I

HAVE you ever lectured, dear reader? No, I don't mean in that sense, but have you ever spoken your little pieces on a platform at the beck of the chairman of the Ocheemagoochee Lecture Course?

If you haven't you've missed half your life, and—I congratulate you. Sometimes I think that lecturing would not be so bad if it were not for the traveling. And at other times I think the traveling wouldn't be so bad if it weren't——

But really, the man who goes in for lecturing or reading or reciting has mapped out for himself a compulsory course in the study of human nature and his lessons will be presented to him in most of his waking hours.

The most vital necessities of a lecturer are a sense of humor and a sense of his own unimportance. If he goes stiff-backed and humorless on his round of the country one week will be enough to chill his blood and cause him to lump his fellowmen under the head of dolts. But if he can laugh when the joke is on him, if he is willing to believe that after all he is more or less of an atom and entitled to only as much seat in the car of the world as he pays for, he may get a good deal of satisfaction out of his one-night stands.

A man lives in the city and he makes a little success as a writer. His friends swear by him and read his articles religiously, and pat him on the back and tell him that Stevenson is not in it with him, and that he has Thackeray taking to the tall timber and Dickens sitting down 'way back. His heart swells so that it is all it can do to beat for lack of room and his hatband makes his head ache. He walks the streets conscious that all eyes are upon him; he never says a good thing to a casual companion but he wishes that it might see the light of print that all might get the good of it; he feels that the world was not really complete until he came on the scene and wrote down his incomparably valuable views of life.

Young man, you are ripe for the lecture course. Yes, there you will get the truth rubbed into you as they rub emaciated persons with goose oil. We will suppose for the sake of the argument that you have something that appeals to the lyceum frequenter. Perhaps you have written a number of tales that bear reading, or it may be that you have emptied your philosophy into new bottles and there are people willing to hear you decant it again.

There are many surprises in store for you, brother. Out in Oshkosh you shall find a hack-driver who has followed your work with interest and who talks familiarly of the characters in a story that you published four years ago. But don't argue from that that every hack-driver has wasted time in reading your stuff, for you will find people in the flat beneath you who only know you as the man they meet on the stairs.

I remember that after my first book had come out and the papers all over the counry had refrained from saying mean things about it I was called to S—— to read selections from it. I fell in with an intelligent drummer on the train and we talked for an hour or so in the smoking compartment. Finally he handed me his card and said he'd like to have me drop in on him when I was in Chicago. He was a wide-awake fellow and I planned a dramatic scene as I fumbled in my pocket for my own pasteboard. The talk had been a little shoppy—my shop—and he had guessed that I was literary. Now he should see just who I was. I knew exactly what would happen. Hadn't Tom Green, of Scribner, Appleton & Nephews, told me that I was one of the best depicters of Creole life in the country? Hadn't the San Francisco Bulletin said that my name was as common these days as a patent-medicine advertisement?

This fly drummer would look at my card and then he would put out his hand and shake mine with enthusiasm as he said,

"Surely not Arthur Warrington Howson, author of Witless Tales?"

I handed the card to him and waited for the explosion. But the fuse was damp or something was the matter. He read it over to himself out loud, and then he put it in his pocket and began to tell me a funny thing that Mr. Dooley had said in his latest book.

I could have shot Dooley if he had come into the compartment at that minute. But as it was my hat settled down over my forehead to an appreciable extent, and I realized for the first time that I was and always would be unknown to a great many.

A great deal depends on the way a man is advertised, and this applies both to reception committees and to audiences. If a German prince goes out rowing of a summer afternoon and touches at the port of New York he may be swamped by a tugboat while trying to effect a landing, and he may be fished out with a boat hook and carried to the police station in an ambulance. And it is not beyond the bounds of probability that he will be entered on the blotter as an unknown person

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Mr. Loomis on this subject. The second paper will appear in an early number of this magazine.

suffering from alcoholism. But, if the papers day after day ring the changes on his proposed visit; if it is thoroughly understood that his father and grandfather were Emperors of Germany and that his brother is filling—completely filling—that position at present writing; that his grandma was Queen of England and that his Uncle Ned is King of the same Dominion; that he is coming over here to pay his respects to the great Republic, and incidentally to watch a young woman waste a bottle of champagne on an undrinking ship—why, the town is going to be very much interested in his coming, and the papers will be full of him and treat him as if he were Politics in a Presidential Year.

So it is with the lecturer. If his manager sends letters from week to week reminding the committee that Mr. X—— will arrive at Pakawappatauma at six P. M. and must be met by at least two hacks, why, he'll be met, and the committee of reception will assist him to step into at least one of the hacks and will watch him sign his name on the register with the greatest interest, and like as not a reporter will be waiting to get his views concerning Expansion. But if his manager does not advise the committee of his approach the chances are that he will get off the train just exactly as if he were an ordinary person—think of it!—and he will have to choose his hotel, and depend upon it he will light on the meanest one in town—if that be possible where all are mean. It is a fact, gentle reader, that the hotels in Pakawappatauma are all bad, and the only interesting thing about them is the glib way in which the waitresses rattle off the various dishes of dyspepsia that happen to be on hand.

No Committee with Brass Band at the Station

The scene is Winnemagoochee at dusk of a winter's night. The train from Chicago has just dumped me on the platform, and although I anxiously scan every face for a look of recognition and obeisance, I scan in vain. I am to be privately entertained here, as the local hotel is too bad for words—and therefore too bad for letters.

It is a university town, this Winnemagoochee, and I have been looking forward to this particular date for some time. If you are looking for enthusiasm and appreciation you will find it where undergraduates herd together.

Let us step into the past tense for a while, as the going is easier there. I found the address of one of the committeemen, and the station agent told me that I should catch a car to his door if I hurried. Out into the night I ran, but the car was already disappearing into the void with many splutterings.

The time immediately before a reading is a very nervous one if a man cares anything about his work; and one does not wish to be worried by uncertainties. Here I was with little more than an hour between me and the lecture, alone in a Western city on a snowy and black night. On the corner a sodden saloon winked its groggy eye at me derisively and the minutes passed remorselessly. A wayfarer whom I hailed told me that there would not be another car for a quarter of an hour, and then it suddenly struck me that I had been going by standard time, but that this town, like all the others in the State, went by local time, which was half an hour faster. And I unshorn, unfed and unknown! I saw (in my mind's eye) the lecture hall in some far-away part of the town being lighted. I saw the students merrily trooping in. I saw the committee wondering what was keeping me, and at last I saw a man ascend the platform and announce to the audience that Mr.—— had not put in an appearance and, as the last train had now come in, he would be regretfully obliged to dismiss the audience. I saw my fee melting into the semblance of stage money and then fading out altogether.

All this while I waited for a car. At last it came and after a weary ride it dumped me at a corner as black as the dress trousers in my case. I wandered up and down the street of unnumbered houses and at last made bold to ring a bell. He who opened to me told me that the man I sought had lived next door, but had moved the week before; where, he could not say.

This was the end. I might as well go back to the station and take the next train out of town. But just then I happened to think of the name of the President of the college. I had met him once at a reception. He would save me if he had bowels of compassion.

A few minutes later found me on his doorstep ringing the bell. A moment, and the maid had come and had summoned the President from the sound of many voices and the clinking of silver and china. A feast was in progress. Ah, how hungry it made me! The President remembered me and was sorry for my plight, but I'd better go to a hotel.

"This is no time for hotels. The audience is about to assemble, my beard is ripe for the harvest, and the apparel of evening must be draped upon my form. Give me a room where I can be alone with my razor."

Then the good President beamed on me and said: "You shall have such a room, but now you must come to dinner."

Oh, excellent President!

A minute to remove the cinders and then find myself bowing to the wife of the President, who makes me feel as one having on a wedding garment. If I had stumbled on the hotel in my wanderings I should have had beefhamlambporkorhash, but I find on my plate a plump partridge! There are many courses, but one must suffice me, as the devastating steel longs to roam over the chin, so, the partridge finished, I make my apologies and hasten to the room set apart for shaving. There is no time for evening clothes, but when I come down shaved I am invited to partake of coffee, and then the President accompanies me to the lecture hall where the man whose house I tried to find has been waiting frantic for nearly an hour. There had been mistakes all around, but apologies are exchanged and I sit for five minutes to get myself together and then I face an audience of fifteen hundred. Audiences are as different as the people who compose them. Some strike a chill to the heart, some can be slowly warmed, but this one welcomed me and made me feel before I had said a hundred words that the preparatory purgatory had been worth while. We played duets, they and I, for over an hour, they egging me on with their responsiveness and I giving them the best that was in me because of the electricity that was in the air.

Chastened by Candid Criticism

But for fear I may be accused of being conceited let me tell you what I heard a young woman say one night, after I had given the same program that had so pleased these young men.

I was groping my way from the stage door to the front of the house and she did not see me in the semi-darkness, but she said distinctly to her friend: "Well, wasn't he the worst you ever heard? Wonder what they paid that feller."

My dear woman, I heard you and I am sure you spoke the truth. It took half a dozen compliments to remove the sting of that remark, but even at the time I appreciated the humor of its falling on my ears of all in the world. And you will never know that I heard. I wonder if you would care. Perhaps, if you had met me in the lobby and I had been presented to you, you would have said, "It was delightful, Mr. ——." But I prefer to think you wouldn't. Because, if we run up against insincerity, what is the world coming to? No, I want to take compliments at their par value, and as I always hate to meet persons I don't like, so; when I see people sheering off from me or meet a face in the audience that will not smile, I say:

"You ought not to have come. You're at the wrong lecture. I have nothing for you, and if I could surprise your comments they

TWO LITTLE BOOTS

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

TWO little boots all rough an' wo'
Dem little boots!
Laws, I's kissed 'em times befo',
Dese little boots!
Seems de toes a-peepin' thoo
Dis hyah hole an' sayin' "Boo!"
Evah time dey look at you—
Dese little boots.

Membah de time he put 'em on,
Dese little boots;
Riz an' called fu' 'em by dawn,
Dese little boots;
Den he tromped de liveloug day,
Lafin' in his happy way,
Evahthing he had to say,
"My little boots!"

Kickin' de san' de whole day long,
Dem little boots;
Good de cobbler made 'em strong,
Dem little boots!
Rocks was fu' dat baby's use,
I'on had to stan' abuse
W'en you tu'ned dese champeens loose,
Dese little boots!

Ust to make the ol' cat cry,
Dese little boots;
Den you walked it mighty high,
Proud little boots!
Hums akimbo, stan'in' wide,
Eyes a-sayin', "Dis is pride!"
Den de mammy, baby stride!
You little boots.

Somehow, you don' seem so gay,
Po' little boots,
Sence yo' ownah went erway,
Po' little boots!
Yo' bright tops don' look so red,
Dese brass tips is dull an' dead;
"Goo'-by," what de baby said;
Dear little boots!

Ain't you kin' o' sad yo'se'f,
You little boots?
Dis is all his mammy's lef',
Two little boots.
Sence huh baby's gone an' died,
Heav'n itse'f hit seem to hide
Des a little bit inside
Two little boots.

would be most uncomplimentary." But I am also sure that those people in the front row who laughed so heartily and that young woman who came up timidly and said, "Oh, Mr. ——, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed it," were really sincere.

There's such a difference in the men who introduce you. There's the man who says: "Now, if you *want*, I'll go out and introduce you, but I don't think it's necessary." He is as nervous as you are, but if you let him go out he will continue to be nervous, whereas you leave your nervousness at the wings. He will advance to the front of the stage and will say: "Er, I—er—take great pleasure in—er—introductions—no—er in—in introducing Mr.—er——," and then your name goes entirely from him and you have to prompt him. "Oh, yes—er—in introducing Mr. Blank, whose books you—whose books you have (No, they haven't, Mr. Chairman, or else there's something wrong with the royalty account)—whose books you have heard of—er—heard of."

And then he trembles off the stage and you are free to begin your lecture.

Then there's the pompous one who makes you feel that you had a good deal of audacity in coming to lecture, and who himself feels that the main reason for the yearly lecture course of Omparia is to give him a chance to make introductory speeches. He advances with no nervousness at all and in a loud and rotund voice says:

"*I* have watched the lecture course of Omparia with the greatest possible interest. *I* have watched it grow from a humble beginning ten years ago, when we employed only local talent who were willing to work for nothing, up to the present time when we have prepared the greatest list of attractions that has ever been bunched on one course, and *I* may say that it is due to my own unrewarded efforts. Other towns, cities even, have to pay a dollar a ticket for the concerts and the stereopticon lectures and the animal talks and scientific discourses that *I*—or the people represented by me—give for twenty-five cents. This has not been done without work—much work, but *I* am always willing to work in a good cause. *I* gladly give my unremunerated time when it is for the good of Omparia. *I* firmly believe that there is nothing that has so worked to the town's growth as these courses which *I* have gotten up year after year."

And then in a hurried way and in a lower voice he says: "I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Blank." And again you are free to begin.

But you feel that all you may have to say is in the way of anti-climax. You cannot swell your chest as the chairman swelled his. You can't make the chandeliers ring as his voice made them. He is six feet two and his girth measurement is fifty inches, while you are a worm who has the presumption to appear amid such a galaxy of attractions.

A Solemn Face an Aid to Merriment

I hate the personal tone this paper has taken, but a man can't talk about himself for any length of time without being in a way personal. Nature gave me a long face which has grown longer with the lapse of years. She also gave me a solemn expression. I enjoy life hugely, but my face is bent—on keeping it a secret. So as my readings are what is called humorous I always give a chill to the chairman of the entertainment committee when he meets me, for he thinks that I am about to tell him that his father has just died and that I am sincerely sorry and have come to sympathize with him, and that a lecture is out of the question.

He says: "You know our people like to be amused. Give them something light and bright." I try to assure him that it will be as light as I can make it and as bright as they think it; that my jests' prosperity lies in the ears of them that hear me—but my face grows longer and longer. How do I know but that I may go to pieces on the stage?

It is well not to promise too much, so I only assure him solemnly that I will do my best and that it will soon be over, and he, wishing that it weren't his funeral and that he could wash his hands of me, proceeds to introduce me with many misgivings.

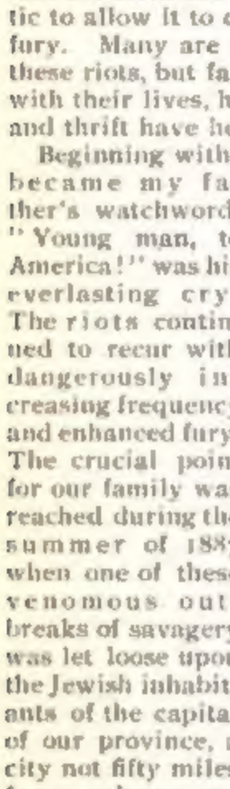
But doesn't a snow-bank look whiter against a dark cloud? Do not even paste jewels glitter more brightly on mourning velvet? Would not a joke from a mummy be a rollicking thing? Know, then, that my haggard, doleful face is my greatest aid to merriment, and I have learned to like it and to look for it daily in my looking-glass, lugubrious as it is, because the sadder I seem the more likely are the people in front to laugh. They think that I don't see the point of my own jokes and their laughter is self-congratulatory.

But though I really do see the point of the jokes I make, in spite of my not laughing at them, do not suppose that I always feel like making them. I may have a splitting headache or I may have heard bad news in a letter. Then it is that my long face is doubly my friend. My tongue will not refuse to crack jokes, but my face while causing you to laugh is quite in keeping with my own inner feelings.

Sorry the lot of the lecturer who laughs at his own jokes. For, if his head be splitting or if he hear bad news from home, his laughter will lack spontaneity, a lack fatal to that establishment of sympathy between him and his audience without which no lecturer can do his best.

The Autobiography of an Immigrant

By JACOB KOTINSKY



MR. JACOB KOTINSKY

SINCE the first "pogrum" in Russia the barbarous practice has not yet ceased. To the Jews there it portends all the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and the mental, physical and material tortures to which they are subjected during these demonstrations have been surpassed only by those of the Inquisition. A "pogrum" is an anti-Semitic uprising, usually occurring in cities during market-days. Drunk on the proceeds of their sales the *moujiks* are riotous, and often calm this brutal spirit upon the persons and property of the Jews. Unmolested by the police they mercilessly loot, rob and beat the unfortunates in broad daylight. Men, women and children, rich and poor, are hunted alike; none are spared. As a first signal bedding is ripped open as if by preconcerted movement, the feathers are let loose to the winds, and then pandemonium reigns supreme. Household effects are demolished, property is destroyed, and riot runs free. The drunken element does the destructive work while the sober portion fills its coffers with the booty. The turbulence is only abated when, at the discretion of the authorities, who are often the instigators of these riots, it becomes impolitic to allow it to continue, and the storm has about spent its fury. Many are the unfortunates who are laid low during these riots, but far more numerous are they who barely escape with their lives, having lost all that long years of hard work and thrift have helped to accumulate.

Beginning with the first "pogrum" in 1881, "America" became my father's watchword. "Young man, to America!" was his everlasting cry. The riots continued to recur with dangerously increasing frequency and enhanced fury. The crucial point for our family was reached during the summer of 1887 when one of these venomous outbreaks of savagery was let loose upon the Jewish inhabitants of the capital of our province, a city not fifty miles from where we lived. This was the signal to the misled peasantry to threaten the lives of all the Jews inhabiting that province. With few exceptions, our village peasants were at no time a very respectable lot of people. Thefts were of common occurrence, and theft was pursued as a form of recreation.

THE MOTHER

Under these circumstances they soon availed themselves of the opportunity to assail the Jews in a most inhuman manner. Within the last year of our residence there no less than a dozen crimes were perpetrated against our family alone. There were a few more Jewish families in the village whom the wretches did not shun. The cruelty of the methods they pursued is characteristic and worth enumerating.

Thus, the thatched roof of our house was set on fire; a wall was broken into and a money chest stolen; the horse's tail was cut off one night, and not a week later his lip was slashed open; the chicken coop was repeatedly pilfered; the vegetable garden was devastated; the wheels were taken off the wagon and plunged into the creek; firing bricks into the windows in the dead of night was a common practice, and the stealing of valuables was not reckoned a sin. All these outrages were committed in the spirit of sport, and, despite a paid watchman, not one man was ever caught, for they were all in league against us Jews.

This year brought about the climax of the preceding seven years' deliberations, the persecutions having reached a notch beyond our endurance. Father was obliged to put to practice what he had been preaching for seven years, and the remainder of the family found it expedient to yield. Our minds were determinedly set toward America: the United States of North America. Thus, on a cold, stormy day in March we set out on the long and dreary journey, in quest of lands and fortunes unknown, but leaving behind us our most inhospitable home.

Outside of the ordinary vicissitudes of the long-distance traveler, burdened with heavy baggage and a family of young children, nothing adventuresome marked our progress through Russia. But our troubles commenced as soon as we crossed its border-line. Needless to say that much of the knowledge necessary to globe-trotters was left us to be acquired in transit. We were like dumb, driven cattle. Our knowledge of German consisted of the phrases "Steig herein! Steig heraus!" gained during the journey. In the course of the seventeen-day English Channel and trans-Atlantic voyage we were made thoroughly familiar with the woes of the steerage passenger. The tossing of the ship, the distressing cries of femininity and childhood, together with the far from palatable or wholesome food, made the voyage memorable though by no means pleasant. No wonder our joy was boundless when on the beautiful morning of April 5, 1888, all on board the Indiana, bound for Philadelphia, scented land and, shortly thereafter, rediscovered America. When we hove in sight of the land of promise our glee was beyond the power of description. After a three days' standstill in consequence of a dense fog, that beautiful, clear morning revealed to us the sight of her under whose glorious tricolor we were destined to seek shelter. The very name of the city was a balmy lotion to toilers of a five weeks' journey who fled from prejudice and inhuman persecution.

Five dollars in cash and a few trinkets hardly worth the dragging across half the globe's circumference were all the worldly belongings of our family of six. They were the leaven that was to generate the bread to feed six mouths for time to come.

The writer's ideas of the new land were very limited. Born and raised in an obscure village in Russia, he was so unsophisticated that not until this journey had he seen a locomotive outside of a classroom picture. A silver earring, that he wore since childhood to keep off the effects of evil eyes, was removed by his *lando-leute* only at the landing. But he was determined to make a way for himself, and so the very day of landing he secured employment and early next morning was at his post of duty that yielded the immense income of one dollar per week. His task consisted in carrying huge bundles of coats and vests up and down the flights of a six-story building to and from a buttonhole maker—his employer. I shall never forget the wonderful appetite with which I was besieged during the first week after landing. To my misfortune, I had to subsist on *mazoth* (unleavened biscuits) for the first five days, they having fallen on Passover. When at hand I did not cease eating them, yet ever remained hungry. The first day following Passover, with the nickel that was to procure my luncheon, I bought a loaf of delicious white bread. It was so tempting as it lay there waiting to be devoured at noon that it fairly made my mouth water. Guided by the knowledge that resources at home were not overabundant, a fierce mental struggle arose between the merciless pangs of hunger and the tender feeling for folks at home. After summoning my entire supply of will-power the latter conquered. But its conquest was short-lived. The loaf was doomed not to see home, for when four o'clock was at hand mighty hunger subdued all else, and was only satisfied when the solemnly regarded crumbs, remnants of the erstwhile inspiring loaf, stared me in the face.

THE BARON DE HIRSCH AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

The first week at an end my good employer promised me an advance of fifty cents, making up a grand total of one

dollar and a half for fifty-nine hours of work. Happy with my progress I resumed my labors with the avidity of the important man of affairs.

In course of the first two weeks I found myself more than once unable to find our residence. The attention of the little street Arab was frequently riveted to my attire, made conspicuous by a formidable Prince Albert. It is surprising to think what a coward I must have been to have feared to offer resistance to these tots hanging on to my coat-tails! But devoid of the power of intelligent speech, ignorant of the laws and customs of the land, and made cowardly by constantly being forced into submission, my backbone was necessarily inimical to resistance.

THE FATHER

At the end of the second week I showed my colors of independence to my employer by flatly refusing to be exploited at that rate. I calculated that the fortune of twenty-five cents per day I could amass by means much less exhausting than those offered by him. I left him. How great was my woe when, upon returning home, I found myself confronted there by a deathly sick mother. Want staring me in the face, I took to selling trinkets on the streets.

My anticipations were not overestimated. In course of three days I averaged the twenty-five cents and more. Meanwhile newly-made friends and newspaper advertisements developed the possibility of permanent and reasonably remunerative employment for the whole family in a West Philadelphia woolen mill. The third week was spent in concluding negotiations with the mill managers and permitting mother time for full recovery. My natural abhorrence of a "business" career induced me to resume my former job, though at an enhanced price, two dollars, with a corresponding increase of hours by work on Sunday. But with the bright prospects at hand I was inclined to be lenient with my employer and all else. At the end of this week the entire family repaired to the west-end village, and on Monday, April 30, 1888, I commenced work at the mill.

The time spent at this mill, a year and a half, marks an important chapter in my career as an American. That factory proved to be also my school, for there I commenced to imbibe the English language. There was but a slight difference in method, for, while at the school it might have been coaxed, at the factory it was beaten into me. My first day there was marked by the following episodes.

The foreman, a fine old Irishman, placed me under the tutorship of a twelve or thirteen year old boy tending a machine called "gig." As soon as the elder disappeared from view the boy moved the belt to the idle pulley and, with a "Come on," beckoned me to follow. I did not, of course, suspect his motive, and without hesitation obeyed the bidding. He mounted one flight of stairs with a dexterity that elicited my admiration, and before I reached the head I found myself confronted by two hundred eyes of boys and girls, all gazing at me in evident amazement. What I could not then explain was unraveled to me in course of time, and was simply this: To that boy, as well as the rest of the children, I, a boy of fourteen, apparently sound in all regards but unable to utter a word in English, was nigh unto a circus wonder. It was evident that alone he could not well enjoy the freak; the more the merrier, and therefore he conceived, planned and executed the idea of parading me on exhibition. Ignorant of his object I was an easy victim. In less time than it takes to tell it, however, I discovered myself pelted with cotton wads made heavier by machine oil and tobacco juice. Overawed by the sight of those wonderful spinning machines, my indignation at having been converted into a miniature circus abated, but, taken unawares by the bombardment, I was surprised, took to my heels and beat a hasty retreat. Deprived of the power of speech I could not even attempt to reprimand the culprit for the indignity.

Not over a quarter of an hour later I was again beckoned by the familiar "Come on." Not daring to disobey, and again unsuspecting, I followed, into another part of the building, it is true, but to behold a similar spectacle, to be met by similar staring eyes, and to meet a repetition of the cotton-wadding shower. In short, before very long I became the butt of the place and the target for ridicule. A black eye, a bleeding and swollen nose alternately decorated my face. This was the price I paid for whatever English there was current among the factory employees. It was probably high, but worth it, for at the end of three months I could follow all directions given me, and at the end of six could make myself fairly understood. Of course I read as much as I spoke, and thus the foundation for my English language was laid.

During the year and a half that we remained at that factory I had risen to the top notch of a boy's salary, and at the end of the period succeeded in passing for an English-speaking individual. Having witnessed the election of President Harrison, and twice celebrated the Fourth of July, I gained a notion of American institutions.

In the fall of 1889 father resolved to cease breaking the Sabbath, and in consequence we moved back to the city. Young and agile I experienced no difficulty in securing employment. A paper-box factory, an umbrella-handle factory, printing offices, morocco leather factories, sweat-shops, a grocery store, a brass mill and a barber shop took successive turns in supplying me with occupation and pay. One underpaid, another attempted to amputate my fingers, a third endowed me with the nuisance of eye-glasses, a fifth succeeded in wrenching a finger-joint on my right hand. I was thrown by adversity from pillar to post, though the lessons these diverse experiences taught were not without their good effects. The profuse display of sign-boards strewn along my route to work served me as textbooks for instruction in English. Thus, the huge letters "Ice" upon the corresponding vehicle, in conjunction with the man's announcement of his wares, convinced me that *c* is not always read like *k*. My factory mates did not treat me quite fairly, but the soul-racking tortures to which they subjected me served the good stead of discipline. For the acquisition of English I patronized a night school one night only, for it convinced me that personal application at home was much more efficient. Instead I attended lectures and sermons delivered in English, which broadened the mind while teaching the language. I admit, however, that the Americanization of me progressed very, very slowly. The atmosphere of the Ghetto is so dense that it takes ages for new light to penetrate it. Unless one wriggles out of it he is almost hopelessly lost.

Throughout all my trials I was conscious of intellectual superiority over my factory fellows, and once took occasion to demonstrate it. "Sheeny" was not only synonymous with my name, but in course of time came to substitute it. Suspecting that the boys knew neither the meaning nor the spelling of the word, I questioned them upon it pointblank. My suspicions were not unfounded, for not one of them was equal to the occasion. To test my prowess they submitted counter questions which I promptly answered. "Then you are a smart sheeny!" were the only laurels offered me for the victory. One cannot easily baffle the American boy.

For some reason my parents found it expedient to move to a New Jersey village in the late spring of 1891. Unfortunately their calculations proved to have been false; their funds rapidly dwindled to nothing and, to keep the wolf from the door, father shouldered an ax and engaged in clearing some of the South Jersey wilds. Mother, who had never before parted with her children for so long a time, insisted toward fall that we (my sister was left in the city with me) visit them.

It was a memorable journey. Our day's labors ended, we took an evening train for Bridgeton. But a few miles from Camden our train struck a huckster's wagon, shattering it to fragments, killing one of its occupants outright and grinding the other to a pulp. After a short stop of investigation the train proceeded, reaching our point of destination after nightfall. Thence we had a journey of six miles through oak-brush forests, along roads unknown to us, with all the tales of robbery and murder that we had heard since childhood, and the horror of the accident, rapidly crowding our minds. The price of transportation was not at our disposal, and we knew no one, outside of our parents, in the entire State. Though the night was clear and starry, and the air fresh and invigorating, it was after a few days of heavy rains, so that the road was strewn with pools and mud-holes. Hand in hand, with measured, cautious steps, our hearts beating, our eyes vainly searching to guide us along trodden paths, we felt our way. Now startled by the rustle of a leaf, now delighted by the glimmer of a distant light indicating a human habitation, we trod on and on. The road was cheerless; we plodded along, our hearts faint with fear and hunger. Fortunately we were not overburdened with baggage, and the road was perfectly straight. The twinkling of the distant stars, as they were out in full array that night, the freshness and fragrance of the atmosphere, together with the prospects of soon reaching and beholding home and own again, carried our thoughts back to our home of yore, to those days of infantile youth, when under the shielding arm of father and mother we knew not what good or evil this world had in store for us.

Finally, after a long stretch of road with no house beside it to break the monotony and stress of fear that were weighing heavily upon our minds, we reached a house close by the road with light peering through its small windows into dark space. Upon knocking we heard a feminine voice say, "Get ready, old man!" and when the door was opened with "Who's here?" we beheld a double-barrel shotgun aimed at us. But our innocent, youthful appearance abated the fears of the old couple, and how different was the welcome within than was expected from the greeting without! We were fed, warmed and consoled. An attempt to resume our journey was foiled by the kind old lady flatly refusing to let us go. Much eloquence was not required to induce us to remain there, and so, after passing the night in comfortable quarters, early next morning, after due thanks and the inevitable "Come again," we reached home in time for breakfast.

THE NEW HOME AT WOODBINE, N. J.

In course of the day father came home from the Jewish colony recently established at Woodbine, New Jersey, by the Baron de Hirsch, where, with many others, he was engaged in clearing the woods. Soon enough papa's proposition came that I join him in the arduous task, and, like an obedient son, I consented. After a few days we were off for the woods and work. By this time we were all sufficiently Americanized in our views upon manual labor, which is regarded as an uncomplimentary pursuit for an intelligent Jew in Russia. No task, as a means to gain a livelihood, was any longer too hard or degrading for either of us. Moreover, my father's appearance then, as compared with his cadaverous looks in the city environment, fully sustained his arguments in favor of country life, and the strenuous life enhanced rather than marred his happiness.

Upon reaching Woodbine the management generously supplied me with a beautiful new ax, and next morning I found myself lumbering. The briers filling those wild South Jersey bush-lands soon succeeded in making gaps in my clothes and drawing many a beautiful drop of red blood. My palms became a mass of blisters, but my courage was not flagging. I was readily inspired with the delight of felling a tree, backing it into cordwood lengths, and burning the rubbish. Our bill of fare contained no luxuries, but was ever abundant in quantity: never other than stale bread, cheap sardines, sometimes with tea as a beverage, more often without. The mid-sky sun was our noon signal; its setting, the quitting gong. In the total absence of femininity the evening repast was of our own making, though we did not too often indulge in the luxury.

THE GRANDFATHER

Editor's Note—This story of how a Russian immigrant without friends or money educated himself for a scientific career will be concluded next week.

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS

By Cutcliffe Hyne

Author of The Adventures of Captain Kettle

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TRIED TO WALK EACH OTHER DOWN

THE NEW GROOVE

GIRLS is so bad to get," sighed Mrs. Asquith. "I know t'lunch isn't what you're used to, Tom."

"I know that quite well, too, without your telling me," said Mr. Thompson dryly. "But why try and make me uncomfortable by apologizing for it?"

"Oh, it's t'custom," said Mrs. Asquith deprecatingly.

"Not the custom: a custom; one of many, and a rank bad one at that. You take it from me, Louisa, that you need never start in to apologize until your guest begins to grumble at the grub, and very seldom then."

"Can your wife keep girls, Tom?"

"Mary's far too sensible to worry her head about domestic arrangements. All her time's wanted for other things. We've got three houses, and there's a housekeeper in each to run the place and look after the servants. The great thing is picking your housekeepers. But once you've done that, you pay them well, give them full responsibility, don't interfere, and let them understand you want perfect results. As to the alternative to perfect results, of course they'd get sacked."

"It's so simple to talk about."

"It's simple to do if only you make up your mind to it. Come now, Louisa, it isn't a question of not being able to afford it. You're just as well off as we are, and neither you nor Hophni has a bit of notion of spending your money like Christians. You're only hoarding it for your children, and the odds are (from what I saw at Christmas of your two young pups from Harrow) that they'll divide it between ballet-girls and book-makers when their time comes to finger it. You've got a great big, ugly house, and you keep three-quarters of it shut up with dust sheets over the furniture and the blinds down. You live half your time in the kitchen and do nine-tenths of the cooking yourself, and it wouldn't surprise me to hear you took a turn at the weekly wash."

"I only get up Hophni's collars and cuffs. I haven't touched the boys' linen since they went to school: they didn't seem to like it. But Hophni never could bear to put on a pair of cuffs ironed by any one but me. Come, Tom, that's only a little thing. And there aren't the fronts to do now. He wears them paper ones."

"Of course, too, you bake the family bread and tea cakes, and pasties and pastry, and the rest of it: I'd forgotten that. Louisa, if I came of a hair-tearing stock, I should pull myself bald whenever I think of you. You're incorrigible. And Hophni on certain points is just as bad. Confound his nasty paper dickeys! And to call extra attention to them, he wears a couple of single diamond studs in them that cost a thousand pounds, and look it. You and he are utterly without sense of proportion in some things."

"I suppose you are right, Tom. You always are right. It must be our misfortune."

"Then get over it, lass; get over it."

The door opened and the pallid Hophni Asquith came into the room. "What are you two talking about?"

"I'm acting the perfect prig," said Tom with a bit of a sigh, "and making myself thoroughly objectionable to Louisa. It's a sermon on the old text of 'Buck up.' I'm saying it's time you gave up wearing ready-made clothes, Hophni, and took to an occasional clean shirt instead of patches of imitation where the white's supposed to show. I'm telling Louisa to run the house on more expansive lines, and spend £5000 a year on it instead of £200."

Mrs. Asquith bristled. "I'm sure, Tom, we never spend less than £1200."

Tom suppressed the "No one would guess it" which lay on his tongue, and added: "You ought to keep capable servants. You netted £76,000 as your share last year, Hophni, and you let your wife cook your meals and wash your collars and shirt-fronts—oh, I forgot: you economize on that now, and wear paper dickeys. Hang it, man, the perspective's wrong altogether."

Hophni plucked at his square red whiskers and then bit his nails. "We've been brought up that way, and it's hard to change."

"I could never," said Mrs. Asquith, "put up wi' one of them fancy cooks, who wouldn't welcome me i' my own kitchen. We tried one once, as Mrs. Tom recommended to us, and she was so scoruful it made me hot all down my back to give her her orders."

"Tom's right, though," said Hophni. "We ought to get out of this old groove and be moving up, if only for the children's sake." He sighed. "It won't be comfortable. We've flitted three times now since we were wed, each time to a bigger house, and each time we've liked it less than the last."

"We don't seem to get it homely as I should like," said his wife. "Things won't chime in somehow. Eh! but I many a time wish we was back i' that old chamber 'eight we come to when we was wed."

"I hate to be beaten," said Hophni, "but the trouble of it is I can't see where we have gone wrong. When I bought the land here in Nob Lane I got the best architect in Bradford, told him to find out what the next house had cost, and ordered him to build one that cost £10,000 more. He did it, and every one says it looks the value on the outside. I know we've no taste in these matters, Tom, and the architect had, or ought to have. It's his trade to have taste, and he's the best architect in Bradford. I didn't want to spoil anything by interfering. I told him to furnish the house as expensively as he knew how, and gave him a free hand everywhere."

"I notice I'm sitting just now in a horsehair rocking-chair with broken springs," said Tom with a laugh. "Did your architect countenance rocking-chairs and horsehair coverings?"

The frail little Hophni Asquith was getting irritated. Mrs. Asquith was also beginning to fume. Tom tactfully smoothed matters over. "Now, look here, lad; don't worry your head about the thing, and as likely as not it will smooth itself out quite naturally during the next few weeks."

"How's that?"

"It's not unlikely you'll have a chance to refurnish."

"I don't see."

Mr. Thompson chuckled. "Well, between the three of us I may point out that Thompson & Asquith's hands will most probably come out on strike presently. I don't want it, but the Unions have forced it on us. Now I'm not against Trades' Unions. I was a workman myself not very long ago, and I know they have their uses. But as a master I intend to be master, and I won't be bossed by men who want to show their power just so that they can screw out more salary for themselves. I'm not going to have production stopped. Their idea is that every mill-hand we've got shall slow down to the pace of the slowest, and get paid one level wage. They've deliberately set up a law against earning more than a certain amount per week. What I want, and what I'm going to have, is the pace to be set by the best hands, and the others to do their hardest to follow them. I'm no believer in equality. The best worker is worth the best pay, and shall have it. As for the bad workers, I don't want them at all. They are quite at liberty to go and work for other firms."

Hophni Asquith bit at his nails. "That's all very well in theory, Tom, but you'd better not say it too loudly, or we'll be having the masters against us as well as the hands."

"Why not recognize the plain fact that they are against us? We're successful, very successful, and we're still a very young firm. It's contrary to reason to suppose that people shouldn't be envious and try to put a sprag in our wheel if the chance comes. No, lad, if we have a strike, you can bet your boots on it that the strikers will have plenty of checks from outside sympathizers."

"It's a terrible thing to think about."

"Not a bit of it. I rather like a 'scrap,' especially if we make up our minds to win beforehand. I don't live in Bradford, so they can't get at me very conveniently, but here in Nob Lane you're nice and handy, and when they've been on strike a month and the Spectator's fanned them into a bit of a fury, they'll come and smash your windows for you, and wreck the furniture, as sure as the town rates will subsequently shell out for damages."

Hophni winced. He was not a man of war, and he was not impressed with this threatened invasion of his castle.

"But, Tom," he said, "this isn't a thing to be decided on hurriedly. This is a thing to be thought over."

"I've thought it through during the last half-hour, lad, and made up my mind. Of course, there are a lot of aspects to the affair. The women and children will suffer, and I hate to think about that. But it will be kindness to them in the long run. As it is we shall merely make the hands earn increased pay, and get better homes, better food, better education, and better conditions all the way round."

Hophni Asquith squirmed in his chair. "It would be a change from the very root of things. I couldn't decide all at once on such a tremendous matter as that."

"All right. It seemed to me a very simple and obvious puzzle. But every man his own methods. You can worry and wriggle over it till to-morrow morning if you like. But for myself I'm going to tip it out of my brain till then, and see if I can't flog out that burr-extracting scheme. It's odd how that avoids me."

"Not at all odd, seeing that every comber in Bradford is trying to invent it."

"Well, it's all right for them, perhaps, but I don't like being beaten. Good-by, Louisa: don't hate me too much. Good-by, Hophni: see you at the office to-morrow morning."

Now Tom and his dog (who was waiting for him outside) did not forthwith take themselves out of Bradford and make their way to Buton Hall. The sight of a peculiarly ragged woman, with three peculiarly dirty children, dragging along the road outside, put another thought into his head. The woman he knew. She was the wife of a laborer in Thompson & Asquith's dye-house, a man of small intelligence, who was then earning nineteen shillings a week. They belonged to the lower type of unskilled workpeople, which was getting more rare; the type which on wage-day redeemed the family possessions from the pawnshop, ate and drank riotously on Saturday and Sunday, re-pawned on Monday, and lived the rest of the week on herring and credit. One week's loss of employment would upset this delicate financial balance most completely, and though strike-pay would come in for a while the strike which Tom foresaw would be a fight to a finish, and strike-pay would necessarily come to an end before its conclusion. Tom liked money greatly; he liked power, which money helped to bring, far more; but although he was a strong man, and chose only strong men to work for him, he had an infinite pity for the weak, and a theory that hunger descends with equal grip on the just and the unjust.

"Poor little devils," he muttered as he passed them by with his quick stride, "I can't win by torturing the likes of them. I hate being inconsistent, but there's nothing for it but being inconsistent now. It wouldn't do to get dropped on, though. Let's see, now, who's the man? By Jove, yes, Parson Cobbold. He's shrewd, he's straight, and he's capable. He's High Church and I'm Low, and the only time we met publicly I put his back up." Mr. Thompson chuckled. "Foolish thing to quarrel as a general thing, Clara, my dogums, but it has its uses occasionally. No one will guess at collusion between me and Cobbold."

Mr. Cobbold was in when Tom called, and accepted his invitation for a walk across the moors to Ilkley. Mr. Cobbold was a big burly bachelor of forty, who fancied himself an athlete, and he and Tom amiably tried to walk each other off their legs. Furthermore, Cobbold was a great sportsman (during his three weeks' holiday per annum), and he and Tom exchanged views on the habits and customs of game from two entirely different standpoints, till they had left Shipley Glen well behind them and were well up on the moor.

"Nice clear air up here, Thompson, after the town. Hope I'm not going too fast for you?"

"Not a bit. We'll stretch out here on the level, if you like."

"Wait till I light my pipe. Always like to smoke when I'm having a stroll like this. By the way, you've generally an object in things. I suppose you didn't bring me out here entirely with the purpose of making me a convert to those wicked poaching ways of yours?"

"Not altogether. I started with that by way of sapping your moral fibre to begin with. Speaking to an expert, I believe temptation's always done this way, isn't it?"

"Go on."

"Having got so far, I now want you to do an extremely underhand action—to deceive a big Bradford firm, to cause them to lose a lot of money, and be pointed at by the Bradford Spectator and all other right-thinking people as utter brutes. Also, everything I'm going to say is to be—er—as you'd say technically, 'under the seal of the confessional.'"

"Don't recognize confession, but go on. I suppose I shall do it, whatever it is. You are not the kind of man to ask anything which would be refused."

"I want to make use of you. We're going to have a strike in all our mills, and sheds, and the dye-house, and the machine shop, and all the lot of it. A big, brutal, devastating, senseless strike. I've a sort of foreboding the hands will go out exactly a fortnight from to-day, and once they are out I'm going to lock 'em out for two solid months to make 'em pull their belts tight and meditate on the evil of their ways. That sounds pretty tolerably brutal, doesn't it?"

"M'm. It's high-handed, anyway. I suppose the idea is to starve the poor wretches into submission."

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of twelve striking stories by Mr. Hyne descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The final story will appear in one month. Each story is complete in itself.

"That's the scheme in a phrase. What I want you to do is to see they don't starve. The women and kids, I mean. Tumble?"

"Ye—es. But why force on this strike at all? It will entail an awful lot of misery. You know how improvident most of the people are. It will mean loss to you, too, with stopping your mills.—Give me a match, will you?—I wish you'd let me try to get hold of some of the Trades' Union leaders and see if I can't get them to meet you reasonably."

"Nop." Tom's big jaw clicked up like a trap. "I know exactly what I'm doing. I've been watching them, and warning them for five years, and now's the psychological moment when it's a case of beat them or bust. It will be a big fight, and we shall have to have all our water on to win, and, well——"

"Starving the women and children would be one of your strongest cards."

"Think I can't see as far through a hedge as that? I'm going to pretend to starve 'em, and shall get the credit—or discredit—of doing it." Tom grinned. "I foresee that they'll wreck my partner's house in Nob Lane because we're such an utter pack of brutes. You'll see that they aren't starved—much. I'll send you the needful along in five-pound notes which can't be traced back to me, and you can shove 'em into your own account and work the thing how you like. I don't want to know any details; only do it."

"Thompson," said Cobbold, "if we belonged to a sentimental nation I should like to say 'Shake hands.' I always thought you were a pretty decent sort in spite of your bigoted views on church ritual."

"Nothing of the kind. I've got an artistic eye, that's all, and the sight of pinched faces annoys me. Great thing I want you to do is to hold your tongue as to where the supplies come from."

"Quite so. But your partner knows, of course?"

Tom wryed his face. "He does not, and you mustn't tell him. I'm acting dead against the interests of the firm, and I suppose I'm liable to go to jail for deliberately tampering with my partner's interests, but—well, I like having my own way, and you see Asquith's a man with rather a defective sense of humor. He hates the idea of a strike at all, but once he's in he'll fight like a gamecock. He'd only see that he was taking the bread out of his own kids' mouths if he was feeding the kids of strikers that we were trying to beat. Look here, that's settled now. Listen to that snipe drumming over there. Don't often see snipe on this moor. Let's go off into the heather, and I'll bet you a penny Clara and I catch a brace of grouse under the half-hour."

"You wretched poacher; as a strict game preserver, I only hope I have the chance of giving evidence against you in a police-court. But in the meanwhile I'll take the bet. I'd like to see how you do it."

Tom chuckled. "Pick up your feet then, and tread like Agag."

If the committees of irritated Trades' Union leaders could only have seen the quiet preparations which Messrs. Thompson & Asquith were making during the next fortnight they would probably have been still more chary in tackling the firm. It was a matter of common knowledge that both partners had been workmen themselves a comparatively few years before, and although they were not loved the more on this account (for success always breeds envy and dislike) it was taken for granted that, knowing the workmen's way of looking at things, they would be all the more dangerous to tackle. Furthermore, the head of the firm, Mr. T. Thompson, was a man who always contrived to get his own way.

But just then all the Operatives' Unions had an enormous amount of prestige behind them. On all sides economists condemned strikes, and employers had grown into the habit of making almost any concession to avoid them.

The other Bradford firms were all for compromise. If only they could keep the peace and their mills running, they were willing to accept half-hearted work and have most of their arrangements ruthlessly overruled by their own workpeople.

Tom, who liked the best of everything, had allowed himself for long enough to be swept in with this ruck, but he was sufficiently shrewd to see when the limit had been reached, and plucky enough to apply the remedy.

He made quiet arrangements for stopping some contracts, for delaying others, and for doing whatever else was necessary to hang up the various branches of Thompson & Asquith's enormous business without unduly damaging them; and then suddenly and quickly he put on the screw. He posted a notice for his spinners that from that day week piece-work would be the rule all round; and the committee of the Spinners' and Weavers' Union held a meeting that night. Watkin, their chairman, a big ex-professional cricketer, called next morning with two colleagues as a bodyguard.

"Hullo, Watkin," said Tom, "come to put half-a-crown on this afternoon's match?"

"Morning, Tom"—Mr. Watkin prided himself on always having a Christian name for everybody—"We just dropped in to see when you'd like that strike to begin."

"To-day if you like, lad. I'm sending along to the dye-house, and if you'll give the word I'll tell them to lock out."

"It's spinners I'm talking of, Tom. The Dyers' Union have no idea of calling out their men."

"You'd rather they stayed in, and earned wages, and helped to support your Union, instead of coming upon their own. Nice, simple game, wouldn't it be? Unfortunately you are not dealing with the spinners in this mill only. Thompson & Asquith have a lot of businesses, but for strike purposes they are one and undivided. If you amuse yourselves by calling out one lot, we shall be humorous enough to lock out the rest so far as it suits our purpose. So you'd better gamble on that. Have a cigar? They won't poison you. They're not wool-combers."

"If you lock out all your hands you'll make yourself pretty unpopular with the papers."

"What!" said Tom with a laugh. "Have you been to tell the editor of the Bradford Spectator already that we should do that?"

Mr. Watkin winked a sharp eye. "Never you mind guessing at our tactics beforehand. You'll learn them fast enough if you insist on forcing on a strike. But I suppose that now we've had our frolic we'd better come to terms—Good piece of tobacco this, Tom. Well, now, what have you got to offer us? We don't want to be too hard on you."

LOUISA WAS ONE OF THEMSELVES

"Right, boys. Nothing I like better than a quiet, comfortable settlement. The spinners shall have the terms that we posted in the mill, and if they work hard they'll earn about fifty per cent. more wages than they have been getting in the past. If they don't work hard they'll get fired, and we shall be quite pleased to hear they've got a job with one of our competitors.—Glad you like the cigar, because I know you're a judge. You sacrificed your cricket to cigars, didn't you?"

"But, Tom, look here; be serious. This is defying us."

"That's what I meant."

"If that's all you've got to say we shall certainly call all the hands out to-morrow."

"I knew you would. We've been getting ready for you to do it during all this last fortnight, and I won't deny that it's been hard work. But we are ready for you, Watkin; and listen to this." Tom slapped the desk against which he was standing, and thrust out his great, heavy jaw. "Once you call out those hands, out they stay for two solid months."

The chairman of the Union was obviously startled. "But, Tom, lad, we may come to terms before then."

"You won't have the chance. We shall lose money by a stoppage, big money. You Unions seem to think the fine should always be on our side. Well, if you fine Thompson & Asquith, they're going to make you sit up as well."

"Tom, you've been a working-man yourself. You know as well as I do that this spells starvation for many of the lasses and bairns."

"It seems to me that you're the man who's now deciding about their dinners."

"Well," said Watkin doubtfully, "we can't afford not to strike."

"I didn't suppose you personally could. So that's settled, and we needn't waste more time talking about it. Put half a dozen more of those cigars in your pocket before you go? I suppose you'll have to miss seeing the county match this afternoon, now? Good-by."

Next morning the spinning frames started in Thompson & Asquith's mills, but no hands turned up. In the combing and weaving sheds, at the sorting benches, in the dye-house and the machine shop, things went on as usual up to dinner-time, but in the afternoon, with the exception of the machine shop, there was a lock-out all round. In the machine shop there were few Society men, but there were distinct mutterings of trouble. Tom went and harangued them.

"Now look here," he said. "You're all working well here, and I've nothing to grumble at. You're all earning good wages, and as we shall have a push on presently there will be plenty of overtime, and the man that hasn't his four-pound-ten or five pounds to draw on pay-day will only have himself to thank for it. If you strike I'll open a fresh machine shop in Keighley, and shut this down for good. Now, you know me, and you know I keep my word, and I guess you won't be fools enough to chuck up a soft job. Knock off now and talk it through, and send the foreman to me in half an hour with news of what you are going to do."

In due time the foreman brought word. There was to be no engineers' strike. "But," said the foreman, rubbing his nose with a black forefinger, "they've passed a resolution to hand over half their wages to the Strike Committees."

"Quite natural of them," said Tom, "and I reckoned on it. One bucketful doesn't spread very far over a big pond."

An enthusiastic mob that night filled Bradford streets and broke a good many panes of glass which were the property of Messrs. Thompson & Asquith. The Spectator next morning threw public odium on Tom's "brutal display of force" in issuing his two months' sentence, exhorted the downtrodden workpeople to stand firm, and implored the fierce, intolerant firm, with journalistic tears, to give way and be good. Hophni Asquith read the attack with white-faced indignation; Tom did not read it at all, as he was very busy out at Buton with drawing-board and instruments, working at the details of some new combing machinery; and the Rev. John Cobbold gave proof to a Bradford bank as to why they should honor his checks up to an unusually large amount.

Mr. T. Thompson was very active during those next eight weeks. He was in his own machine shop and in the machine shops of Keighley, arguing, explaining, and often, with coat off and hands discolored, demonstrating at lathe, forge or fitter's bench, or, again, working all night through with pattern makers. Between whiles he took over some mills in Roubaix, and others in Germany, and set them going on his own vigorous lines. He excited the ire of Continental employers by raising his wages all round, and the incidental detail that he extracted double as much output from his hands quite escaped their notice. He kept two secretaries trailing about at his heels, and dictated to them mostly in trains and walking about the streets from place to place, as he was too busy at other times. He got through rather more work than any eight other men could have done, and if he could only have found time to put in a little bit of poaching as well he would have been entirely happy.

During all these weeks he had no time to look at a paper, which was a pity, because the papers were giving up much space to discussing him. The entire press of Europe, England and America wrote violent articles about the man who had ventured to invent a new method in strikes, and Hophni Asquith subscribed to a press-cutting agency and shivered with apprehension every time he went to chapel lest his soul should be prayed for publicly. Hophni wondered, too, who was the anonymous philanthropist who (obviously out of sheer loathing for Thompson & Asquith's methods) had given Mr. Cobbold such lavish funds to feed the hungry children, and so prevent the strike being ended at the two months' limit by an exhausted surrender. He

wrote querulous letters to Tom on this subject, suggesting that firms who were opposed to them in business were handing out these supplies, and Tom left the letters unanswered, or replied curtly, through a secretary, that he was too busy to bother with trifles like that just then.

At the same time Tom did keep the anxious Hophni and Mrs. Louisa occasionally in his thoughts, and one day toward the end of the two months he wrote a letter to the editor of a Bradford paper in which Hophni's welfare was cannily considered. It ran thus:

> *Sir:* As you appear to take an interest in the strike now proceeding at our mills, I shall be glad if you will make it known that if, when the strike has lasted two months, the hands choose to return to work, they may do so on our terms of employment, which we consider equitable. That matter is entirely in their own hands. If they do not return to work on that day we shall close down the dye-house and the various mills for a further period of six months. And if at the end of this latter date they still hold out, we shall withdraw our interests from Bradford entirely, and enlarge our existing establishments in France, Germany, the United States, and elsewhere.
>
> We are, sir, yours truly, THOMPSON & ASQUITH.

The letter was printed with lurid editorial comments, and amongst other effects it had one which Tom had calculated upon. A mob gathered, in spite of all police interference. It was not led by Watkin in person, but it was exhorted by him in language that was fluent, forcible, uncommittal, and quite unmistakable. After which (whilst Watkin, as a known figure, retired out of police range) it marched with band playing, and money-boxes rattling, for Nob Lane.

T. Thompson was out of reach, but Asquith had a big, new house, most extravagantly furnished, and—they visited it. They pitched about forty tons of rockery and other débris through the broken window sashes into the most expensive drawing-room in Bradford; they smashed up the greenhouses, and brought out all Hophni's precious orchids to cool; they drove Mrs. Louisa into such a fury that she belabored several of them with a broom-handle; and, in fact, they all enjoyed themselves so thoroughly that on the road back to their homes they were talking quite naturally over the fact that three days hence the two months would expire, and they would all be merrily back at work again. Louisa had shown up finely whilst they wrecked her house. Louisa was one of themselves, and they loved her for her pluck.

It had really been a very pleasant strike. The pay from the Unions had just lasted out; the youngsters, thanks to Parson Cobbold, were as fat as butter; and now was the time to go back to the mills. They began to speak in no uncertain voice on this last point, and if they were not to be wiped out of existence in a holocaust of resignations, the Unions had to listen.

The Union chairmen and committees gritted their teeth with despair and rage. It is always a hateful thing to own one's self beaten and countenance surrender, and when the rank and file have a way of treating their defeated generals something after the Carthaginian style, and taking care that they are always afterward incapacitated for office, that does very little to tone down the bitterness of the situation. But there was no help for it. T. Thompson, of Thompson & Asquith, was believed and trusted. He had promised them a two months' strike, and they had done that smiling. He promised them an additional six if they refused to be good, and they quite trusted and believed that he would be a man of his word.

So Watkin and his two silent supporters wrote for an appointment, and once more made their way to the Thompson & Asquith office.

"'Morning, Watkin," said Tom. "Hands coming in to-morrow? Have a cigar? They're only wool-combers this time, but we're all a bit pinched just now, aren't we?"

"Hang your cigars."

"That means the strike's ended, eh?"

"I don't know. It depends on the terms."

"You know perfectly well what the terms are, and you know equally well they won't shift. I've said so, and that's sufficient guarantee. It's the new groove or none. Quick now, are they coming in to-morrow, or do they want to play another six months?"

"Six months! Pah! You daren't do such a thing. It would ruin your business. That's just a bluff."

Tom's big square jaw hardened. "If you haven't learned yet that in this firm we've a way of seeing bluffs through, you know too little about Bradford ways to be fit for your job."

Watkin shook a big cricketer's fist. "Hell can't be running full time with you out of it."

"Matter of opinion, but perhaps you're an authority. However, spit your venom, boy, and don't mind me. Still, I don't see why you should make it a personal question."

"Personal! I shall be sacked from the chairmanship of the Union. I lose my livelihood through you. I've got to go to work again. Personal!"

"Are you serious about that? Have you no resources?"

"I'm as serious as a ruined man can be."

"Very well then, I'll give you a job after your own heart. I'll give you £2 a week to carry your hands in your pockets, and walk round our mills and works and report on any abuses that catch your eye. I've put in tons of new machinery whilst the hands have been out on strike, and as everything is going to be run on piece-work now, conditions and rates of wages will take a bit of adjusting."

"And you aren't afraid of my making mischief?"

"Not one inch. It would come to my ears if you did, and out you'd go, and you aren't fool enough to get sacked out of such a soft job."

"Well, Tom, it's very good of you. Better than I des—expected. Thank you, Mr. Tom. You know I've got a missis and youngsters to think of, like other people. I'm sorry things got so angry whilst the strike was on. It's a great pity about Hophni's—that is, Mr. Hophni's house."

"Why," said Tom dryly enough, "he'd got the place fitted out with some most unchristian furniture which made the eye ache to look on, and now he'll be able to get it furnished afresh in better taste—at the expense of the rates."

"Eh, well, Mr. Tom, it's over and done with, and there's not much ill-feeling left. But there's one man I bet you don't forgive in a hurry, and that's Mr. Cobbold. There's no creature did more to prevent your winning than that parson."

"Just acted according to his lights. Man must, you know, Watkin. Good-morning to you all."

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "The Congressman's Wife"

MR. MOODY, THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

DIRECTOR MERRIAM, OF THE CENSUS BUREAU

WASHINGTON has been kept in one long, continuous whirl. Even Mrs. Slocum has been so drugged with pleasure that she would almost welcome woe, and she could not help grumbling to Senator P—— and to Robert. I said to them wearily:

"Ruskin says there's no music in a 'rest,' but I should find more music in a good rest than in anything else."

"What is the matter?" asked Senator P——; "I thought this was the very period of rest. This is Lent, is it not? Or are you all being whipped as St. Jerome was in his dream?"

"Whipped?" echoed I with energy. "Yes, whipped, castigated, scourged with dances, suppers, charity concerts, readings, with costume dinners and with 'baby parties.'"

"But, Mrs. Slocum, *what* is a 'baby party,' if I may be so bold as to ask?" said the Senator, puzzled.

"A baby party"—and I began to laugh—"is where people anywhere from thirty-five to sixty-five years array themselves either in swaddling clothes, or in pinafores and pantalettes, and disport themselves singly or in pairs in some smart drawing-room to the jingle of rattles."

"Really?" exclaimed both Robert and the Senator incredulously.

"Yes, it is a divertissement much in vogue, in which diplomats and officials take part. At the last baby party the Russian and French Embassies, the Netherland Legation, and even some of John Bull's representatives, disported themselves, together with lesser smart folk, and Mr. De Koven led the cotillon and dispensed favors of ivory rattles, ivory rings, rag dolls and the like."

Robert said: "It is easy to see that De Koven has right to his hand fine copy for a comic opera, and you will all be making your appearance in opera bouffe."

"Oh, we're already in opera bouffe," I said with a shrug.

"Have you any other choice doings or sayings to impart?" queried Senator P——, whose interest was evidently whetted.

"Oh, yes; plenty of both," said I, preparing to unwind my skein. "A certain man of the official and social world, upon emerging recently from a period of mourning for his deceased better half, has just invited us all to a reception. The cards of invitation are the same he has used in former years, when they read 'Mr. and Mrs.,' and he has naively drawn his pen through the lost and gone 'Mrs.' and has let them go at that."

"That is a clear case of frugality being the nest-egg," said the Senator smiling. "Well, what next?"

"Next," said I, "Mrs. Z—— has just finished her new house, which is one of the most gorgeous in town, as you both know, and a social footing therein is being much canvassed and much sought, and, as Mrs. Z—— is rather a lofty dame, a venturesome little woman thought the other day she would give her a gentle dig.

"'Your house is certainly very imposing, Mrs. Z——, but is it not built somewhat upon the lines of a Pennsylvania ferryboat?' she said sweetly.

"'Maybe,' said Mrs. Z—— thoughtfully, taking a mental view of her new home; 'but,' she added dryly, 'there will be no life-line thrown out from my ferryboat.'"

"That's the kind of wit that is likened to Tewkesbury mustard," laughed Robert. Then he added:

"Your mention of the Keystone State reminds me of what Representative Patterson of that same State told me the other day. He was given a pass some little time ago over some of his local lines of railroad. The pass was made out for him and his wife. Shortly thereafter one of his Irish constituents came to him smiling and said:

"'Mr. Patterson, sor, it's a great favor I have to ask ye.'

"'Well, Tim, my man, what is it?'

"'It's just this, sor; would ye be after loaning me the use of your pass?'

"'But, Tim, everybody knows who I am hereabouts, and they'd know at once the pass wasn't yours.'

"'Oh, bless ye, sor, I don't want it for meself at all. I want it for me ole woman, just to let her feel sort o' grand. Ye see, sor, no one would know me ole woman from yours—and so I thought——'

"Patterson said he was paralyzed; then the ludicrous side struck him, and that Irishman wondered if he'd been stricken with ague, he shook so."

All three of us laughed over this. Then Senator P—— said with a twinkle:

"Cannot you give us some more gossip, Mrs. Slocum; you are not at the end yet?"

"Well, the President's boys, who are quite as original as the famous little 'Tad' was when his father, Mr. Lincoln, was President, furnish remarks that we pass around. The head gardener at the White House complained the other day that the boys were ruining the walks of the conservatory, and knocking down the plants by rushing about on their stilts. Their father took them to task and finally forbade them the conservatory altogether. They said with heat:

"'We can't see what's the use in your being the President of the United States if you cannot make that old gardener stop complaining about us.'

"And a visitor asked one of them teasingly if he was ever naughty, and what his punishment was. He said with frankness, after thinking a minute:

"'Well, if I am a pretty bad boy I have to go with father out to that little Dutch Church on Sunday morning, but if I've been a real good boy I go with mother to St. John's.'"

"I see," said the Senator, "that your popular Rector of St. John's, Doctor Mackay-Smith, is to become Coadjutor Bishop of Pennsylvania."

"Yes. It is a far bigger field," said I. "He was telling the other day, with great feeling, of the times that President McKinley came there to church, and of something he had said to him during the Spanish War. It seems that sometimes the President would be so pressed that he would not go to his own church, but would step across Lafayette Park and enter St. John's by the side entrance, and one day he lingered a moment after service and said to Doctor Mackay-Smith:

(Continued on Page 18)

The Romance of the Old River

By SAMUEL R. VAN SANT, Governor of Minnesota

SOON a splendid exposition, costing millions of dollars, will celebrate the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, and a grateful nation will recall the beneficent statesmanship which added a magnificent empire to the Union But the full import of this, the wisest act of Thomas Jefferson's public life, will lose its due emphasis to the present generation, and to those yet to come, if we fail to realize that this master stroke of his political genius was not so much in the mere acquisition of a vast territory thus peacefully annexed as in the fact that it gave to this nation both shores of the greatest waterway of the Western Continent.

What would have been the effect on the history of this nation had the western shore of the Father of Waters remained in the hands of an Old-World Power? Imagination pauses at the question, and the liveliest speculation can scarce hope to supply this forestalled page of history. That a constant menace to the peace of the Republic was wiped out by the statecraft of this far-seeing patriot is certain; that wars and rumors of wars were expunged from the records of our national experience is highly probable.

But this larger phase of the lesson of the coming centennial may be merely suggested, rather than amplified, for the purpose of paying a tribute to the character—one might almost say to the personality—of the most individual of American waterways

No stream in the world is richer in associations, in picturesqueness, in all that is near, familiar and beloved to those who have been as its children, than the mighty Mississippi; and as one of those who have followed it faithfully for almost half a century, I count myself happy to be assigned the task of recalling something of the "Old River Days."

It is impossible to review the life of the river, when its traffic was at the height of its prosperity, without a touch of sentiment; and as one who came of a nation and a long family line of boat builders and navigators, who was born on the shore of the Mississippi, and, in the language of its people, was "marked for the river," I cannot pretend to speak of this majestic stream and the stirring and picturesque life which it supported without an attachment which is one of the strongest sentiments of my being. And I am sure that thousands who have been and are now associated with its shifting fortunes have not escaped a similar feeling. Especially must this be strong in all whose childhood associations are linked with the ever-changing drama of adventure, commerce, war, prosperity and misfortune which has ebbed and flowed in ceaseless and ever shifting variety in the process of its industrial evolution

Stirring Incidents of Early Days

Never can I forget the impressions of my first trip on the mighty bosom of the Mississippi; how the famous Dan Wright, an ideal pilot of the old days, called me into the wheelhouse of the James Lyon, allowed me to grasp the smooth handles of the wheel, and to pull the cords that released the melodious bellow of the great whistle and sounded the chimes of the signal bells. Only the man who has had a kindred experience can understand what is implied by the term "Life on the River." On this same initial trip I was introduced to another and a rougher phase of boating on the Mississippi—one which will be recalled by all who took passage in the days before the railroads had diminished the volume of its traffic. Suddenly, as I hung about my hero of the pilot house, a shout went up, and the burly mate struck out with his fists and felled a common hand to the deck. Instantly there was a gleam of knives, a flourish of clubs and the deck was dashed with blood. But, as was usually the case, the big mate came off victorious and the mutinous hands were put ashore at the first woodyard at which the boat stopped for fuel

What the Mississippi has done for the development of the Northwest is pointedly suggested by another recollection of that trip in 1857. The cargo of the James Lyon was shelled corn in sacks, not for seeding, but for consumption by the pioneer settlers. Then there was scarcely an acre of corn grown in the Territory which is now the State of Minnesota. Shortly before, Governor Ramsey had had the hardihood to contend that the climate of his commonwealth was not too severe for the successful cultivation of corn; later, boats brought cargoes for seeding; and to-day Minnesota is the greatest "bread-and-butter State" of the Union, for it is sometimes said that we raise the wheat to feed the world, and when made into bread we can furnish the best butter, and enough to spread it all. Last year we produced 31,500,000 bushels of corn alone.

Still another incident on the first trip of the first boat that we constructed for the rafting business, the J. W. Van Sant, Mr. Frederic Weyerhaeuser was a passenger. The raft was for his mill, and he was anxious to see the new departure tried. The success was complete. At that time Mr. Weyerhaeuser was a young man. Since then his industrial genius has developed the great lumber interest of the Northwest, and he has won for himself the title of "Lumber King" The magnitude to which this commerce has grown is suggested by the fact that one individual fleet has carried annually two hundred million feet of lumber down the river to enrich and upbuild the territory tributary to the Mississippi. In a single trip one boat has towed a sufficient tonnage of lumber to load to the limit a railroad train two miles in length. It is scarcely saying too much to assert that the total down-river tonnage of lumber fleets any day in the moving season is sufficient to stall the traffic of all the competing railroad lines if the traffic were transferred from boats to rails, and amounts to 500,000,000 feet annually.

This marvelous development is due to the steamboat, and few, if any, achievements of my life afford me more personal satisfaction than the fact that I built and operated the first steamboat of large power for this particular branch of river traffic

The Past Influence of the River

In the inland sections of the country an impression prevails to-day that the Mississippi is now no longer an active factor in the world of transportation, that its traffic days are only a recollection, and that the great stream has no claim upon the gratitude of the people of the Northwest on the score of present benefits. This delusion will be keenly resented by all who are loyally jealous of the reputation of the great river

True it is that its through passenger traffic has been almost completely absorbed by the railroads. On the other hand, the volume of its freight carrying, especially in lumber and coal, is still very large, as the facts I have already cited will indicate. But of far greater moment is its value as a conservatur of freight rates. It acts as a perpetual and unalterable check upon the greed of railroad systems—and will continue so to act for all time to come

With the completion of the Isthmian Canal a new era of prosperity will be assured to the river. A mighty volume of traffic will suddenly be turned southward and the activities of the Mississippi will be multiplied in a manner now hardly to be realized. This great governmental enterprise should, for this reason, command the heartiest support of every dweller in the valley of the Father of Waters, and of all in the vast Northwestern empire tributary to it

It is by no means to be admitted, however, that passenger traffic is wholly a dead letter on the Mississippi. On the contrary, it is still considerable, although radically changed in character. All along its course the river is plied by "short-line packets," which make daily and profitable trips between cities not far distant from each other. The lines from Davenport to Burlington and from Keokuk to Quincy are examples of this traffic, which will certainly increase with the passage of time.

Another recent development is the excursion business, which is also destined to increase. The boats devoted to these lines of the carrying trade are modern and sightly, some of them costing fifty thousand dollars each

No review of the old days on the Mississippi is complete without reference to the famous races in which the fast steamboats indulged—a practice which has found appropriate embodiment in the literature as well as the history of the West. How strong was the racing spirit in the old time river masters is best illustrated by an incident which will ever remain vivid in my recollection.

As Captain and part owner of the D. A McDonald I had shown the proper river spirit by trials of speed with all comers, and these efforts to maintain the reputation of our boat had reached the ears of my partner, Mr. Musser, a conservative man, much older than myself. He had given serious admonition against the folly and danger of racing, and had exacted a promise that I would not again indulge in the practice. Immediately after I had given this pledge, however, he accompanied me on an up-river trip. We were in a deep and broad channel when one of the fastest boats of the day hove in sight of our stern and was rapidly overhauling us

The strain on my self-control was great and I could hardly restrain myself from putting on more speed, when my partner suddenly appeared at my side, his eyes blazing with the fire of contest

"Sammy," he exclaimed excitedly, clapping me on the shoulder—"Sammy, throw in more coal and wood! Throw in all you want, and I'll pay for it! *But don't let that boat pass you.*"

Strife for speed records was not always or indeed generally inspired purely by racing sentiment. The first boat of the season to get in at the port of destination received her wharfage free and was sure of a rich cargo, and the fastest boats were invariably in favor with the public

Among the boats which held high place in the galaxy of racers were the War Eagle, the Hawkeye State and the Gem

In the golden days of the river it was not uncommon for a good boat to clear fifty or sixty thousand dollars in a season, and one or two of them brought their owners as high as one hundred thousand dollars a year. A single trip in some instances yielded ten thousand dollars

The Quickstep, commanded by Captain Davidson, deserves a special place in river history as being the first boat to carry an electric light on its waters. Electricity has been an important factor in lessening the rate of river freightage by doing away with the necessity of tying up at night. This is especially true of towboats.

Some Famous Pilots of the Past

Of the famous pilots of the old days volumes might be written. They were a distinct class, of marked individuality, with the common characteristics of great courage, decision and sense of locality. Their handling of boats and knowledge of the river were so marvelous as to seem intuitive, almost supernatural, to the lay mind. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that in the essentials of their craft they were superior to pilots of the present day. This common supposition no doubt arises from the fact that the old veterans were in the lime-light of publicity, and that their successors are comparatively unobserved. Now the pilots of the rafting boats receive the highest wages, their maximum of compensation being in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

When, however, the river was in its full glory, the "crack" pilots who ranked with Scribe Harris, Smith Harris, Orin Smith, the brothers Ludwig, Ed. West, and my own boyhood hero, Dan Wright, received from four hundred to five hundred dollars a month, and lived the lives of nabobs. Many of them vied with the owners and masters of the boats, and some of them were graduated from the wheel house into the Captain's cabin. In the main, however, a pilot lived exclusively in the atmosphere of his craft; he thought piloting, talked piloting, breathed piloting, and knew no other element of existence.

Of the terrible disasters which attended river navigation on the Mississippi history has made abundant record. Certainly one of the most dramatic incidents which took place on the river was the picturesque rout of the Indians by Captain Throckmorton, in the Black Hawk War.

After the engagement of Battle-Ax, when the warriors were swarming on the river between the shore and Battle Island, a little below La Crosse, this Captain drove his steamboat into their fleet of canoes, the huge paddles of his wheel crushing their frail craft and creating greater havoc among them than the guns of the enemy.

The fierce engagements of the Civil War which took place on the river and along its shores may be left to history, with the observation that the outcome of that long and bitter struggle might have been far different had it not been for this great waterway and the facilities which it afforded to the army and navy of the North.

The first steamboat to thread the Mississippi to its upper waters was the famous old Virginia, which accomplished this significant feat in 1823, or sixteen years after Fulton had astonished the world with his invention.

SILENCE

By A. P. Rex

Our best thoughts are in words we never say:
The well is deep, but naught have you and I
With which to draw for thirsting ones to-day,
And so uncomforted they pass us by.

If we could put love's fire in words! but then
Our best thoughts are in words we never say:
The golden moment may not come again
And yet its presence takes our speech away

How often when we would a just repay
The fitting phrase occurs when just too late;
Our best thoughts are in words we never say:
Fame, love, applause withheld by speechless fate.

And then how much of what we say, we rue,
Saying what we regret for many a day!
Strive as we may we know that it is true
Our best thoughts are in words we never say.

The Lieutenant and the Princess

By Molly Elliot Seawell

THEY WERE SEATED TOGETHER UNDER A GREAT GOLDEN WILLOW ON THE TERRACE

PART II

IT WAS midsummer of the next year—on a lovely July evening—that Scrope alighted from the train at Weverlingen. Baron Winterfeld awaited him, and with great ceremony led him to a grand ducal carriage, much emblazoned, in which they were to drive to Wolfsgarten, the Grand Duke's country place, six miles from Weverlingen. Scrope felt all the impatience of an ardent and headstrong lover—for Elsa von Rosen awaited him at Wolfsgarten. She was still Hofdame to the little Princess Sophie, who declined to die at the time the doctors had appointed her—and, as Elsa's promise not to leave her still held good, no period could be fixed for the marriage of Scrope and Elsa. The Great Spectre would settle that for them—their happiness waited on His Majesty, Death.

Scrope and Winterfeld drove through the quaint little German capital, all hidden in linden trees, past a stately white palace, and into the sweet, fragrant country beyond. The grand ducal coach was heavy and ill hung, the two horses were simply a pair of showy screws, without four good legs between them, and Scrope had plenty of time to ask questions about his friend the Grand Duke.

"Very American," said Winterfeld, with a sly smile. "But seems to understand thoroughly the mild absolutism which has brought Weverlingen-Mayerne to its present high pitch of prosperity. His Serene Highness has a remarkably able Council of State, which relieves His Serene Highness of the routine of government. But His Serene Highness is by no means a figure-head, although but eighteen at present, as you probably know."

Scrope could not forbear smiling—he could imagine Dutchy, with his sound Teuton sense, informed by his acquired American shrewdness, engaged in the business of governing a toy Grand Duchy. "His Serene Highness probably acquired much knowledge of a mild absolutism, as you call it, by serving in the American naval service for nearly four years," said Scrope becoming properly grave.

"Quite so," replied Winterfeld, with equal gravity.

"And may I ask how the health of Her Serene Highness, the Princess Sophie, is at present?" inquired Scrope, wondering if Winterfeld knew the import of that question.

Winterfeld shook his head significantly. "Her Serene Highness' health is not at present good," he replied.

Royal people are never vulgarly ill—they are always merely "a little indisposed," until the very last hour is at hand.

At last, they reached the schloss, which was nothing more than a handsome modern villa in the Italian style, sitting upon a broad terrace, with statues and a fountain, and some patches of gorgeous flower beds. The Grand Duke was awaiting them at the main entrance. He ran joyfully down the marble steps, shook hands delightedly with Scrope, and, linking arms, led the way to the grand ducal den. Prince Heinrich XIV, alias Dutchy, had grown into a fine, handsome young man, and looked as smart as possible in a gorgeous hussar uniform—German princes are born, live and die in uniform.

"You don't know how glad I am to see you, Mr. Scrope," cried Heinrich XIV. "I only wish you had brought with you all the fellows in the steerage. But the poor devils couldn't get leave, I fancy."

"And would not have had the money to come if they had got the leave. American midshipmen can't, as a rule, cultivate royalties as they should, for lack of ready cash," answered Scrope laughing.

"Don't you believe it, Mr. Scrope. Why, my pay as a midshipman was as much as the Colonel of my Guards receives. I admit the Colonel makes it go farther and supports a wife and family on it. I don't think my Council of State believed me when I told them what my pay as a midshipman in the American navy was. And, do you know, Mr. Scrope, I am a good deal more of an American than I thought? These people over here bother me to death with their slow ways. However, they haven't got a constitution, and they sha'n't have one as long as I am holding my present job. You see, I still speak the American language. I'm an enlightened despot and I believe it is generally agreed that an enlightened despotism is the best government in the world. I could make you Prime Minister to-morrow."

"Thanks, very much—no."

"I mean as far as this Council of State business goes. The Council always divides in two parts—and I take whichever side I like—and that immediately creates a majority for that side. Did you ever hear of anything better or simpler in your life?"

"I never did—except commanding a naval ship. But the system wouldn't work if Weverlingen-Mayerne were as large as—say, the United States."

"I admit that. But it isn't. I reign over sixty thousand souls. I have an army of fourteen hundred men—which I graciously lend to my brother, the German Emperor—and, besides, I have nearly nine hundred soldiers at my capital and in my own Grand Duchy. I bet I have more fun than my brother, the Kaiser, has, and I have no Otto von Bismarck. That old battle-ax you saw—my Chamberlain, Count von Hagendorf, tried the Otto von Bismarck business on me, but I gave him to understand it was no good."

The Grand Duke harked back to the American language whenever he could. He poured out torrents of talk, sitting on the arm of Scrope's chair, smoking endless cigarettes.

Scrope listened, glancing furtively out of the window, where the park revealed a new beauty—a mirrorlike lake, glowing golden in the July sunset. He was watching for Elsa von Rosen, and impatiently waiting for Prince Heinrich to lead him to her. But, with the cheerful egotism of youth, Prince Heinrich prattled on. Scrope's restless eyes, traveling around the room, alighted on a portrait—a very beautiful one—of the little Princess Sophie. He recognized it at once. There was the same soft, pleading gaze, the same delicate contour, the same pathos of form, of feature and of expression, as in the photograph, which he had never forgotten. Prince Heinrich, seeing Scrope's eyes fixed on the fascinating picture, grew grave at once. Under the spell of strong feeling, his skin-deep Americanism melted away, and he became what he truly was—a German, introspective, full of emotions, and looking sadly at life.

"My friend," said he, after a pause, "my little sister will not be long with me. Elsa von Rosen will soon be free—your happiness is close at hand—and so is Sophie's. Soon she will dwell in a fairer place and see a lovelier sky than ours." Scrope remained silent and touched, and then, turning from the eyes of the portrait, with their too poignant expression, he glanced out of the window and saw the original—and Elsa.

They were seated together under a great golden willow on the terrace. Elsa was arranging the little Princess in her garden chair, folding a white mantle around her. At the sight of Elsa, Scrope, with some muttered apology, dashed out of the room. Prince Heinrich saved his dignity by dashing after him. In another minute Scrope was standing under the willow tree and looking into Elsa's eyes.

She was handsomer, rosier than ever. Her complexion was delicate, but with the incomparable bloom of youth and health upon it. Her rounded figure, her quick and graceful movements, her radiant physical perfections, made her a veritable Hebe. Nor could she have had a better foil than the pale young girl in the invalid chair. The Princess Sophie's complexion was quite translucent, and one could see the eloquent red blood in her cheeks as it rose and fell like wine in a glass. Yet, had not Scrope been told differently he would have said, by the life and fire in her dark eyes, that she would live to be old, to suffer and to die at fourscore. She wore a white gown, with many little frills and tucks—it was evident that she was not yet beyond the coquetries of dress. Her white hat, from under which flowed her rich chestnut hair, might have been worn by a dryad. But Scrope saw none of this. He only saw her deep, dark eyes. If their expression in a picture had enchanted him, thrice was he enthralled by their actual softness and brightness—and this, too, at the moment that he was meeting, after a long absence, the woman he loved.

Prince Heinrich presented him with great state to the little Princess, and she gave him her thin, hot little hand to kiss, in a very princesslike manner, for this small Serene Highness had learned with surprising quickness how to be the sister of a reigning sovereign.

"My brother tells me you were so good to him," she said, eyeing Scrope closely, with evident approval of his manly figure, his charming, frank smile, his bright, clear eyes.

"His Serene Highness was a model midshipman," gravely replied Scrope, at which His Serene Highness winked at him approvingly.

Both Scrope and Elsa were deeply thrilled at seeing each other, but meeting thus, in the presence of others, they masked well their emotions until they could be alone. Elsa's rich color was a little deeper, and her eyes studied Scrope with shy delight—that was all. She saw that he had become, if anything, more attractive than he had been the year before. He had no regular beauty, but he had the well-set up figure, the easy and graceful carriage, of a trained naval officer. His profession had given him a self-possession and simplicity charming in themselves. Elsa von Rosen, with sixteen quarterings at her back, and Hofdame to a Serene Highness, was surprised and delighted at the unexpected ease and even equality which sat perfectly well on this American lieutenant when brought face to face with a reigning Grand Duke and Her Serene Highness of a sister. And his voice was so rich and pleasant, and he told such amusing stories, and was so unlike the usual stiff and starched specimens of lieutenants which abound in Europe!

And not one whit of these attractions escaped the luminous eyes of the little Princess Sophie. She fixed them on Scrope—those eyes so soft, so doelike, so beseeching—beseeching of Fate, a little more of life—a little love. Scrope felt their spell from the beginning. He well knew the power that may dwell in a single glance. He had seen a hundred wavering, panic-stricken men, brought back to their duty, even when that duty meant almost certain death, by one look of cool and concentrated courage on the part of an officer. He had known men—himself among the number—who were suddenly made ready for any wildness of folly by the laughing devil in the eyes of a witch of a woman. But these were as nothing to the compelling power in the gaze of this little fading child-Princess.

The dusk descended upon them and the purple twilight came as they sat and talked, when suddenly Elsa rose and said:

"The Princess should not remain out so late—the doctors expressly forbade it."

"But I do not wish to go in. I like it here. Pray continue, Herr Lieutenant." The little Princess spoke in a tone and manner of calm determination that Scrope never remembered to have heard from any lips so young.

"But you must go in, my dearest Sophie," pleaded Prince Heinrich. "It will make you ill to stay here longer."

"But I am always ill—so it makes no difference."

"I shall have to bring Doctor Varnhagen and Madame von Gloetzner here to make you go in."

"Then I shall hate you. I was so amused—so happy—before Elsa spoke! And now, all is spoiled!"

"My little Princess," said Scrope, bending toward her, "will you not go indoors? Come. Give me both your hands."

He took her slim little hands in his. She laughed and raised herself upon her feet—and Scrope, gravely putting her hand within his arm, led her along the broad white path, bordered with rose trees in bloom that filled the twilight with perfume. In the pale heavens a single star shone, that was reflected in the lake's dark bosom, and the night birds had already begun to utter faint notes, calling to each other in the dimness.

If Scrope had thought that the little Princess might yet live long he was disillusioned when she attempted to walk—her steps were so feeble, so trembling. It was as much as he could do to avoid taking her in his arms, like a baby, and carrying her. When they reached the broad white steps of the villa, within which the wax lights were burning cheerfully, little Sophie paused. "It is such a long, hard journey up those steps, Herr Lieutenant," she said plaintively.

This was too much for Scrope. Without a word he picked her up as if she were a kitten, and carried her into the villa.

Editor's Note—This two-part story was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

Princess Sophie's little gurgles of laughter and protest were the most childlike things he had yet heard from her lips Prince Heinrich and Elsa walking behind exchanged wondering looks. Heretofore little Sophie had refused all help, and as for any gentlemen about the court treating her in that baby fashion—not the Kaiserin herself would have resented it more haughtily and furiously than this child-Princess

There was no chance for Scrope to have a word with Elsa until the little Princess was in bed—for she would not let Elsa out of her sight in her waking hours. When, at last, however, she was tucked in her little white bed, with two waiting women to watch her through the night, and the doctor within call, she said.

Good-night, dear Elsa. You can see your brave, fine Herr Lieutenant now. Oh, how happy you will be with him when I am gone! And it will be soon I have so little breath left."

Elsa bent to kiss little Sophie's forehead, when, catching her hand, the little Princess cried

"Show me the Herr Lieutenant's picture. I wish to see if it really looks like him now that I have seen him."

Elsa took from about her neck the miniature of Scrope which she habitually wore. The Princess Sophie seized it and, sitting up, held it tight in both hands, studying it by the faint radiance of the night lamp. And into her speaking face came a look which made Elsa von Rosen draw away a little, struck by a sudden chill. The little Princess was murmuring to herself, as her eyes devoured the miniature

"He is far handsomer than this when he is speaking. And he speaks so charmingly, so simply, so naturally. Even a girl like me can understand him. Ah, how sweet—how sweet he is!"

The fading, dying child-Princess had fallen instantly in love with Scrope—but in no child fashion

Elsa waited a minute, two minutes—then, putting out her hand, she took the picture away from the Princess Sophie, who gave it up without a word, lying down afterward, with a long, long sigh, her eyes wide and bright with a look of longing and regret. She was soon to die and she knew it. She could hear the overture played, but she was to be called away before the curtain rose. Through the half open door she could see the Garden of Love—but she was not to enter therein

From little Sophie's chamber Elsa went to meet her lover

He was all that a woman could ask as a lover—but presently, when their first rapture was over, and they were speaking of their future, he asked her about little Sophie. He spoke of her as a mere child—but, after all, fifteen is not exactly childhood. Certainly it was not with this little Serene Highness

Perhaps because he had never seen anything quite like her—perhaps because she had shown her fancy for him so frankly and naively, Scrope found himself thinking—even dreaming of her that night. By rights, his thoughts and dreams were Elsa's—but thoughts and dreams are vagrant and lawless things.

When he waked next morning, in the great, ornate, crimson room to which he had been consigned, the first image in his mind was—the Princess Sophie. He could not, at first, disentangle the real scene of the night before—his helping the little Princess along the graveled path, in the dusky twilight, with the scent of the roses in the air—and his dream, in which he held her hand and led her through an enchanted garden by moonlight. His morning coffee, however, straightened out all his visions, but he had a queer longing to see the child again. And he was the accepted lover of Elsa von Rosen!

He remained in his own rooms, which had an outlook over the terrace and park, until the sun was high—and he saw Elsa and the little Princess go out. They lived out of doors all day. This time, an old governess, Madame von Gloetzner, was with them. Scrope went out, and as soon as his foot touched the marble steps, in going down, the Princess Sophie's vigilant eyes saw him. She had, in truth, kept watch for him. As he came stepping firmly and gracefully along the gravel path toward them, carrying his hat in his hand, and with his closely cropped chestnut hair shining in the sun, not Elsa's face showed such rapture at meeting him as the Princess Sophie's. Elsa, with her quick woman's wit, saw the charm Scrope exercised over the child—and, being wholly human, it was not pleasant to her.

The little Princess cried out, as soon as greetings had been exchanged:

"Do you know, I was afraid to ask this morning whether the Herr Lieutenant had really come! I slept ill last night, dreaming much and waking often, after such dreams—and I dreamed so many amusing things—some of them quite charming, too—in which Herr Lieutenant was always mixed up, that I thought it might all be a dream. But now, I know it is not."

"And I," said Scrope, "thought it might be a dream, too—this lovely park, the lake with the stars shining in it, and the scent of the roses—all that happened last night."

"Did you think so?" asked little Sophie, her eyes taking on a new expression of wonder and deep delight. "Then it shows we were thinking of the same things. Were you thinking of me? And did you dream about me?"

It was now Scrope's turn to blush. She was nothing more than a child—but in some things she was a woman without a woman's discretion and self-control. Scrope saw an expression on Elsa's face which made him turn still redder. Old Madame von Gloetzner was too stupid to see anything.

A book was lying in the Princess Sophie's lap. Scrope picked it up and began turning leaves. It was a volume of Heine's poems

"This is not a book for such a very little Princess as you to read. It is for grown people. Little girls can't understand it."

"But I am not a little girl," cried the Princess Sophie, the blood pouring into her pale cheeks and turning them a beautiful rosy red. "I am fifteen—I shall be sixteen in May of next year—if I live," she added softly.

Elsa had been forgotten. She realized it when she turned and saw the man and the child in such close converse. She realized it more when Scrope, meeting her glance, looked guilty, withdrew from Sophie's side, and breaking a beautiful spray of roses from an overhanging branch handed it to her.

"It is not lovelier than you," he said in a low voice.

"Elsa," cried the Princess Sophie fretfully, "you do not attend to me this morning. I have not my handkerchief. I can't find my vinaigrette."

TAKING UP ONE OF THE LONG TRESSES OF HER HAIR HE PRESSED HIS LIPS UPON IT

Elsa promptly and tenderly found these things for her. She was, after all, only a sick child, with all a sick child's fancies.

But the fancy which immediately developed into a consuming passion was her fancy for Scrope. It seemed, from the hour she met him, that she could not live without him. It was painful, it was ridiculous, it was horribly awkward, but it was true. And it became more painful, more ridiculous, more horribly awkward as the summer hours went on. The little Sophie seemed to find her few, short days of life intolerable without Scrope. When he was not at hand as she sat in her chair under the willow, she was restless and soon became feverish. She would not walk at all unless his strong arm were there to help her, and, if necessary, to carry her. Within doors, he must read to her, and talk to her, and finding that he sang agreeably to the guitar he must sing to her all his songs at least once a day. This wild fancy set all the tongues at Wolfsgarten and Weverlingen to wagging. It nearly drove old Madame Gloetzner frantic. It made Prince Heinrich come to Scrope, and with a pale face implore him not to leave Weverlingen—because the day of his departure might mean the going out of the little Princess' faint flicker of life. Worst of all, it made Elsa von Rosen a miserable woman. True, the poor little Princess was but a child, yet she loved with the concentrated passion of a woman. And she was going to die—but she would leave her image forever in the heart of Scrope. For, however he might regard her—as child, little sister, friend—he was passing, with her, through an experience not likely to be forgotten. He knew now what it was, not to be merely loved with devotion and tenderness, but to be adored.

And the child herself—this little fading blossom—touched his heart with a pity so acute, it was akin to love. Soon she would be only the fragrant memory of a blossom—but that of itself fixed her the more deeply in his mind. When he waked in the night, his first thought was for little Sophie. When he went out in the morning, his first inquiry was for her welfare. He felt himself perfectly blameless concerning this poor, beautiful child; her infatuation had surprised and staggered him—but it worked strangely in him. He, whose profession was courage, he who was trained to look Death in the eye, and advance upon him, could not remain to see the little Princess die. He, the most straightforward of men, tried to deceive himself by saying that he must escape that last scene for Elsa's sake. The little Princess, who would scarcely let him out of her sight in life, would not let him leave her in death—she would surely die upon his breast. He rehearsed the scene to himself many times, and always grew pale and shuddered at the thought. And Elsa—so he said vainly to himself—would never forget it. What he meant was that he could never forget such a scene. He did not remember, ever in his life before, to have tried, or even dreamed, of deceiving one whom he loved. Yet, he planned to quit Weverlingen secretly, silently, in the night, leaving a letter full of lies behind for Elsa. When the time of his departure—or rather flight—was determined in his own mind, the situation seemed to become even more poignant. He felt, at one moment, a vague resentment against the jealous pain which Elsa could not always hide; and the next his heart overflowed with the thought that she was the most magnanimous of women to stand by calmly and sweetly ministering to one who claimed all the time, the conversation, the thought, the love of Elsa's best beloved

The last day of summer came. It was as soft and bright and balmy as the first. On that night Scrope would leave Wolfsgarten forever—for when the time for his marriage to Elsa should come there would be no one to keep her at Wolfsgarten

Prince Heinrich had been absent two days in Weverlingen, and was not to return until the next day. The little Princess, by some sort of prescience, kept Scrope and Elsa alone with her that day, and would suffer no one else to approach her. She was now so ill that she could not be denied anything. Only on the breezy height of the terrace she could breathe. All day had the three sat there—a day never to be forgotten for its pain by Scrope or Elsa. Sometimes little Sophie slept—but most of the day, although panting for breath, she was able to listen to conversation and to reading. In the afternoon she was carried within the villa by Scrope's strong arms. She remained an hour or two in her own rooms, and then Scrope, at sunset, again carried her out upon the balcony that overlooked the park. The roses were in their second blooming, and the air was filled with their fragrance, as if it were June. Afar off, on the other side of the park, a military band was playing, and the music, faint and sweet, came to them like the music from elf land. A great white moon looked upon the lake, black and still, and made a path of glory to the heavens

The little Princess, Scrope and Elsa were silenced by the beauty, the peace, the sadness that environed them. Elsa saw Scrope, unconsciously, and for the first time, take little Sophie's hand in his. At once all the child's distress in breathing vanished. She seemed to feel instantly that climax of delight—release from pain. Her eyes turned toward him with a look that made Elsa swiftly and noiselessly move within the room, leaving the two alone upon the balcony. Neither noted that Elsa was gone

In response to that look of the Princess Sophie's, Scrope bent over her and said some words—neither he nor she nor Elsa knew just what they were—but they meant "I love you," as if a thousand trumpets had proclaimed it

The little Princess' face showed a deep and palpitating joy that would have moved a heart of stone—and Scrope was not stony-hearted. She closed her eyes, and Scrope, thinking she had fallen into the shallow, dreaming sleep which often came over her day by day, but which would not—alas!—come by night—felt that he must then go—he could stand no more. He gently released her hand and, taking up one of the long, light tresses of her hair, pressed his lips upon it. And then, without so much as seeing Elsa as he passed, he went away—through the shadowy park, along country lanes.

(Concluded on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 335,000 copies weekly.

℄ If Congress keeps on nobody need bother about that surplus.

℄ Tennessee reports a College of Courtship. And is Captain Hobson to be the head instructor?

℄ The Boers released General Methuen much as some anglers toss a light-weight fish back into the water.

℄ A new question is up for discussion: What is the Happiest Time of Life? So far no one has mentioned salary day

℄ Perhaps the increasing sale of cheap pianos in agricultural districts has something to do with the growing eagerness of men to leave the farms.

℄ Within the past year the number of millionaires in this country has jumped over the four-thousand mark and is now in the fifth thousand. But all of them put together, with their millions piled in one big heap, cannot buy the joy of the small boy who lets down his little hook and hoists up the first fish of spring.

℄ The theatrical season is ending without a single enduring contribution to the American drama. In England Mr. Stephen Phillips' play is still running, but its permanency is yet to be fixed. Is it because the writers of plays have become discouraged, or because they have lacked opportunity? Certainly the record is not a pleasant one to contemplate.

℄ General Miles is not the kind of man who is easily silenced. If he is subdued in one place he soon breaks out in another, and the Administration will have to give up a lot of its other work if it attempts to keep up with him. In some such way he used to fight Indians, and he generally won, but there is a difference between Indians on the warpath and politicians in the War Department. And they do say that General Miles is something of a politician himself.

℄ Mr. Wessels, the head of the Boer delegation that visited this country recently, said on his departure that the Boers have no money with which to buy clothes and ammunition, but, when they need either or both, "all they have to do is to capture a British convoy." At the beginning of the war the Boers had old-fashioned guns and rifles; now every Boer in the field is equipped with a modern firearm, taken from the enemy. These are among the remarkable facts of a most remarkable war.

Parlous Times for Microbes

THE "White Man's Burden" which we picked up so jauntily in the Philippines seems to have endless extensions Dr. S. Dana Hubbard exhibited a new installment of it at a recent meeting of the New York State Medical Association. Discussing the increased prevalence of smallpox which has been noticeable everywhere, he said: "In my opinion the country has been reinfected from the Philippines in the last two or three years. I believe that the old smallpox infection in this country had practically died out and that the recent epidemic has been brought in from the outside."

A standing army and a war now in its fourth year have been considerable additions to the $20,000,000 paid for the Philippines, but if we are to have a smallpox epidemic on top of it all, a good many people will begin to think the price excessive. There are some consolations, however. It is pleasant to be informed that we had overcome the old smallpox infection in this country before we began to expand. If we could overcome the old one, we ought to be able to conquer the new one, and, when that is done, the safety not only of this country but of the world will be substantially increased. We have exterminated yellow fever in Havana and by so doing have shielded our Southern States from visitations that have often been more destructive to them than war. If we can kill the germs of smallpox in the Philippines our expansion there will gain a moral justification that will be decidedly worth having.

And if we succeed in that the other white men who are carrying their respective burdens may accomplish something similar. They may succeed in suppressing the infection in India, China and Africa, as it has already been suppressed in Germany.

This is only one example of the benefits that may follow the spread of civilized rule in the dark places of the earth. This progress is decidedly in need of some such justification. In some of its aspects, as on its commercial side, it is unlovely enough. Looked at from that point of view there is grave reason to doubt whether civilization is a benefit to the countries it swallows. Sometimes there is no doubt at all The operations of the Belgian officials in the Congo State, where the tax collectors have to bring in a certain amount of rubber or an equivalent number of hands cut from delinquent taxpayers, have certainly left the country in a worse condition than if its native savagery had never been disturbed But the extirpation of germs of disease is a great and solid benefit to the civilizers and the civilizees. It is such a gift as "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Plague, cholera, yellow fever and smallpox have all been nursed in backward regions and sent thence to scourge the world. Science hitherto has been kept busy combating their effects. It seems ready now to attack their causes.

It is not quite so much "What are we going to do with those islands?" as "What are those islands going to do with us?"

Man and His Spring Clothes

A LEADING and conservative New York daily has just devoted a supplement to the spring and summer fashions for men. It is highly interesting, especially in the notes of warning which it sounds.

Firstly, there will be substantially no change in men's evening dress. This comes as a welcome bit of information each year. Dear old "dress suit;" it stays the same; it is a type of the changeless; it is settled, fixed, petrified; the one thing in which a man knows he is correct and in which he forgets all the good things he was going to say.

In the matter of other clothes more changes threaten There is to be a "general lightness of effect," whatever that may mean. You shall know the proper length of your single-breasted sack coat by your height; it must be "five inches less than one-half the wearer's height." Do not let your man of clothes mislead you in this; measure yourself and your coat. The four-button cutaway will have double-stitched edges. Beware again. The afternoon riding costume is described very fully. We can but glance at the most important part. "Moderately pear-shaped breeches, closing close to the knee, well in front, to show three buttons above pigskin leggins," will be worn. The better-bred horses will toss you off if you mount in anything else. There will be some knickerbockers for golfing, but mostly it will be striped flannels, "with the trousers turned up."

But styles are not going to be too rigid. "Striped trousers will be worn with day dress," we learn, "but there will be many checks also." Conservatism also reigns in the matter of socks. "The Scotch plaid socks," says this authority, "which the haberdashers carried over last year, have been sent to the far West and down South." Beware, ye Far Westerners and Down Southerners; refuse the Scotch plaid and demand "plain socks in drab, brown and black," though you need not necessarily shy at "embroidered and vertical-striped hosiery." Neckwear is likewise more subdued, though "coronation red" will be worn.

Shirts have joined with socks and become less radical Many will be worn of light material with small figures, and with them white collars. A large sale is predicted for certain silk shirts which will range in price from $7.50 to $14. A dozen at the latter figure will appeal to the man of quiet tastes and moderate income

Little need be said as to hats, since the writer admits that men are still at the mercy of the hatters. The hatter proposes and man buys. Genuine Panama straw hats will range in price from $15 to $60. The genuine Panama appears to be a modest foreigner. Shoes will not change materially, but there will be a tendency toward thick soles and broad toes. Tan shoes will go with straw hats

Take it altogether, the prospect seems satisfactory. Generally speaking, spring and summer clothing will be conservative. "The patterns," says the edifying and instructive article, "are inconspicuous, and the man with a new spring suit this year will look neat rather than loud."

This is good. It holds out a hope that the man who has to wear his last spring's suit will get along and not be lynched. There will be many of him, and often he will be not an undesirable citizen

To the healthy minded person there is nothing quite so odious as plush morality.

The Sense that Saves

REAR-ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPFF'S return from the far East is fittingly celebrated by the joint resolution extending the thanks of the Congress "because of the wisdom displayed by him in refusing to join the allied forces in the bombardment of the Taku forts." It is recalled that in the year 1900, in the month of June, the other nations made an assault which was without justification and which led to deplorable results. Although importuned to act with them, the level-headed American commander recognized the injustice and the heartlessness of the plan and stood out alone against the others. Not a gun was fired from an American ship, thanks to the fine common-sense of this one man. When the details of the affair reached this country Rear-Admiral Kempff's course was applauded from one end of the land to the other. He had saved not only his ships and himself, but his nation, from an act of aggression which would have remained forever as a stain upon the national honor

When Matthew Arnold lectured in America he had much to say about the saving remnant of society—the comparatively small minority who are moved by high motives and who direct most of the general good. Often, it seems to us, this saving remnant is made up for the most part by the men and women of strong common sense. When President McKinley, after he was shot, begged that no harm be done to the assassin, he was undoubtedly thinking of the awfulness of popular vengeance and the necessity for upholding the law. Common sense was in him even in those moments of dismay and suffering. When General Grant, after the surrender at Appomattox, told General Lee that his men should take their horses with them, as they would need them for the spring plowing, he exhibited the common-sense that runs in the minds and foresight of great men. And so the story might go on in a thousand instances.

In these days of increasing complexities in life and progress, and of specializations, the value of common-sense rises faster than the millions grow under the new prosperity. There is no department of business or of effort where it is not quite the best thing in the make-up of the individual. The man of common-sense is the man of success. He does the right thing and he keeps his head. He wins confidence and the acceptable things of life come to him. Common-sense is the one great factor that is worth most of the others

The most attractive music roll is the one that Paderewski has. It is made of greenbacks.

The American Hog Again

BEFORE the flowers that we strewed in the pathway of Prince Henry had wilted, that ancient and irrepressible promoter of discord, the "American Hog," was again threatening trouble between Germany and the United States. The Kaiser has issued a decree which, under cover of protecting the public health from unwholesome chemicals, really excludes all American meat from the German Empire. It is an old device, but our exporters never seem to get used to it, at least to the extent of learning to like it. They are asking our Government now to protest. But why should we protest? Why not, for a change, leave the protesting to the German people? They will be the real sufferers when they are deprived of good and cheap American meat to increase the profits of the agrarians. Some of them will have to get along on shorter rations and so do less work. Others, the most enterprising and useful class in the country, will refuse to starve themselves for the benefit of the landowners and will come to America, where they can have all the meat they want on such terms as the trusts are willing to allow. They will add to our competing strength in other markets and reduce that of Germany.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Young Teddy on the Gridiron

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR

THE gallant fight made recently by young Teddy Roosevelt at Groton against an attack of disease that would have done for almost any other lad less robust lends timely interest to an incident that occurred just after his father was sworn in as President of the United States

Young Teddy was playing football Like his father, he never does things by halves, so he played football as if his very existence depended on it, making it a point of honor to be where the crush was thickest and the struggle most fierce Whenever the game threatened to slack off Teddy saw to it that an extra dose of vim was injected. By and by the President's son was seen to make a wild dash for a goal, the ball tucked away under his arm He was almost within reach of victory when the opposition fell on him in a body For several minutes nothing was visible except a squirming mass of arms and legs with an occasional glimpse of a dirty face surmounted by bushy hair. Gradually the mass resolved itself into the shape of distinct boys. Teddy, of course, was at the bottom, had been there all along When it came his time to get up it was noticed that his face was very white

"What's the matter? You aren't hurt, are you?" inquired half a dozen anxious voices. Teddy said he wasn't, but his tones were rather shaky, and, somehow, he didn't seem able to rise with his accustomed spryness.

'Sure you're all right?" demanded the captain of the opposing team

'Quite sure,' was the steady answer Go on with the game"

Just then one of the instructors arrived He saw at a glance that there was something wrong

'You'd better quit till you get your wind," the man urged and with much reluctance Teddy yielded, remarking incidentally that his "shoulder felt wrong." An examination showed that the collar-bone was broken. The boy walked off the field and only a few persons there knew that he had been seriously hurt. As soon as the break had healed Teddy went back to football with his old time fervor

The Man Who Could Tell

A good story which the appointment of Governor Leslie M Shaw, of Iowa, to the position of Secretary of the Treasury has brought out is one concerning an incident in his law practice in his native State

Secretary Shaw had a fourteen-year old boy before him on the witness stand and was conducting a cross-examination After the usual preliminary questions, Shaw began

'Have you any occupation?

'No'

'Don't do work of any kind?"

"No."

'Just loaf around the house?

"That's about all"

"What does your father do?"

Nothin' much'

Doesn't he do anything to support the family?"

"He does odd jobs once in a while when he can get them

"As a matter of fact, isn't your father a pretty worthless fellow, a dead beat and a loafer? '

'I don't know, sir; you'd better ask him He's sitting over there on the jury

Miss Roosevelt in Her New Hat

MISS ROOSEVELT

WHEN Miss Alice Roosevelt was about to make her début in Washington society, it was found by correspondents seeking her photograph that the charming young girl had none to bestow, her latest likeness dating back to her eleventh year. In this she shared the reticence of Mrs. Roosevelt, who for years steadfastly refused to have her picture published. Mr. Roosevelt, when Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was asked to furnish his wife's photograph "If I should," he replied, "Mrs. Roosevelt would consider my act just ground for divorce." Later in his career he convinced her that the public had popular rights in the matter and she complied with the demand. But Miss Roosevelt kept away from the photographer

When, however, the President's daughter began to receive national and even international attention, and all of the most gracious character, publishers eager for her photograph were not to be denied Snapshot methods, within wrecking distance of strenuous objection, were not to be dared, but an alert artist found opportunity to make a hurried sketch. A copy of this, with due compliments, regards and apologies, was submitted to the President, together with an intimation that though the outline failed to do justice to his daughter, it would be reproduced unless he should consent to furnish her photograph

Miss Alice was summoned to the family council "Why" she exclaimed, "that horrid artist has sketched a hat several years out of date!"

'But, Alice," came the protest," is not the face a fair likeness?

Perhaps," she replied; "but, papa, you know you never compelled me to wear an ancient hat. That picture," she added with emphasis, "must not be published

"Is it really so important?" pleaded the President

"I should think, papa," responded Miss Roosevelt naively, "that you would be the last to question the utility of the proper hat in one's career

Her remark was greeted with unbounded merriment Within a few minutes the carriage had been ordered and in it Miss Roosevelt was whirled away to the studio of a fashionable photographer

Since then, all America has admired her published pictures

A Prophecy in a Compliment

DR. JABEZ L. M. CURRY

DR. JABEZ L. M. CURRY, former Minister to Spain, who has been appointed to represent President Roosevelt at the ceremonies attending the coming-of-age of the King of Spain, was a member of Congress before the Civil War

"In talking to Doctor Curry recently, remarked one of his former colleagues, "he called to my attention the change that has come over the spirit of American oratory since those days of stirring debate just before the great conflict. As Doctor Curry says, that was the time when Latin flourished in our halls of legislation. A speech that did not include Latin words and phrases was privingly regarded as a feeble effort. The change from this classical dispensation to the new order of Anglo Saxon directness naturally appeals to Doctor Curry, whose life has been closely identified with the cause of education and history

"Doctor Curry reminded me that one of the first to protest against the classic strain of eloquence was a humorous Northerner who, analyzing some of the learned quotations of a colleague, exclaimed that whenever he heard a Judge in court give an opinion in Latin he concluded that the Court was announcing some infernal doctrine it was ashamed to speak in English."

In those long past days Doctor Curry once made a strong argument on the Cuban Annexation question, which even then occupied much public attention, and among those slated to reply to him was Representative Alexander H. Rice, of Massachusetts

"Rice is liable to stir up strife when he makes his reply commented a member in the committee room

'I don't anticipate that," remarked another member dryly, "for you know that Curry and Rice have always harmonized famously

It is interesting to recall that Doctor Curry and Mrs. Curry were present at the christening of King Alphonso. On that occasion a member of the Spanish Cabinet remarked to Doctor Curry: "I trust, sir, that you will be here when this royal child shall have grown to the full stature of a King '

Lipton's Faithful Salesman

Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous yachtsman, and head of what is probably the largest retail provision business in Great Britain, is one of those men who believe in personally keeping an eye on their employees

To this end, when in London, he often pays a surprise visit to one or another of his huge establishments, and strolls casually through the various departments, noticing everything but saying very little

As might be expected, among the many thousands of men and women whom he employs there are some who never having seen the head of the firm, possess but a very hazy notion of his personal appearance

Sir Thomas chanced upon one of these a week or two ago, and for a few minutes the bystanders enjoyed a little quiet fun

This particular clerk was in charge of the cheese counters at one of Lipton's huge establishments in the city. Seeing a gentleman apparently about to leave the shop without making a purchase, he immediately seized upon the supposed customer and began to extol the virtues of "Lipton's cheese Sir Thomas (for it was no other than he) listened with well concealed amusement for a few moments and even went the length of tasting several samples. Then he tried to shake off the assistant by saying that he was not requiring any cheese "just at present"

But the clerk was not to be got rid of so easily; and, before his employer quite realized what had happened, he had paid for a pound of his own cheese, and the assistant was inquiring to what address it should be sent. The young man's amazement, when he realized the identity of his customer, made his fellow assistants roar with laughter. But a few days later the laugh was on the other side, for Sir Thomas, ever quick to recognize and reward merit, instructed the cashier to give the persistent clerk a substantial increase of salary

Verestchagin's Criticism

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN, Russia's great painter of military pictures, has recently been in the United States. He proposes, after visiting Cuba, to take ship for Africa, where he will get sketches for a series of Anglo Boer paintings

Mr. Verestchagin is within a few months of sixty years of age, but there has been no souring of the milk of human kindness He speaks English haltingly, but with expression, and he possesses "views" on all subjects worth considering. In charge of the paintings of American soldiers which he made in the Philippines are two long coated Russians

I keep these fellows to look after my property," says the painter. "I call them my Siberian bloodhounds"

Not long ago, in St. Louis, Mr Verestchagin was the guest of honor at the monthly meeting of the Artists' Guild. There was music and story-telling, and a good deal of the frankness that is characteristic of gatherings of genius. At length the Russian was prevailed upon to talk

He entered into the spirit of the moment, and began and ended with a bright, original and not altogether undeserved criticism of American art

Why is it, my friends," he asked, "that you fellows in this country paint the subjects I see on your canvases? Long ago I heard that the packing houses of America were great and ruling institutions. Soon after I got here I saw evidence that made me think that there was truth in this, for on every painting I saw in the early weeks of my stay was a cow, or a sheep, or a pig. Sometimes there was a great drove of cows reclining pleasantly beneath trees. Then I would find a drove of sheep coming down a dusty road. Then a fat pig at dinner. These pictures told no story and to my mind were not representative of any particular spirit

Later I found that American canvases possessed another turn, equally inexplicable. It was when I began to see how you went in for sunsets, reflections of sticks and trees in water and the shimmer of the moonlight over waves. It is my judgment that your pictures should tell a story, that there should be representative life in all of them, something that will tell unborn generations what we have all been doing and what we are like"

The Poet Dryden a Back Number

SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN

THE new Senator from New Jersey, Mr. John F. Dryden, who was recently elected to succeed the late General William J Sewell, is one of the most prominent insurance men of the country

He began a close study of insurance problems when a young man, and is now President of the Prudential Insurance Company of America. He is also prominent as a banker and in industrial enterprises, and has done much to develop the trolley system which has spread a network of tracks over a large part of New Jersey Senator Dryden was born in Maine in 1839.

Washington friends of the new Senator are enjoying the following story

One of the many employees at the National Capitol is a character laughingly declared to have more influence than some of the distinguished statesmen he serves. This employee is anything but a man of education, and yet what fugitive information he has picked up he uses impressively and to adroit advantage. One of the secrets of his popularity is his shrewd custom of saluting his superiors with some appropriate reference to or quotation from one of their remote speeches or magazine contributions which the rest of mankind may have forgotten, and which the authors themselves perhaps only dimly remember.

To equip himself for this ingenious diplomacy he spends his spare time poring over musty volumes. No sooner has a Senator been elected than this adulatory employee hurries to some copious index or other authority to discover what the new celebrity may have given, in the way of literature, to the world

A few days ago he sought one of the clerks in the Congressional Library

I understand," said he that Senator Dryden is quite an author

Hadn't heard of it," replied the librarian

"You haven't!" loftily rejoined the literary delver. "Well, let us have a look at these!" And he exhibited a memorandum reading "Absalom and Achitophel, The Hind and the Panther, etc., by John Dryden."

"But that is John Dryden, an English poet, who has been buried in Westminster Abbey for over two hundred years," said the librarian; "but, of course, you are welcome to his works '

'No siree!" exclaimed the disappointed employee. "A dead Englishman, and a poet at that, is no use to me You've got to be up to date, I tell you, in my business."

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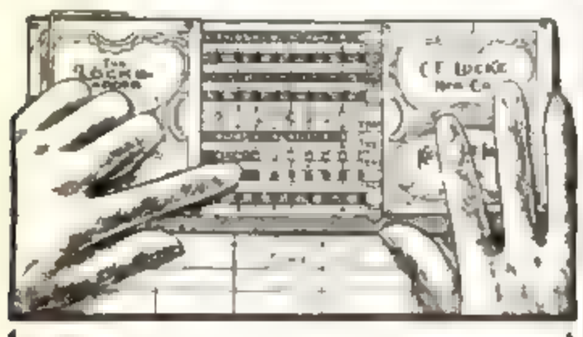

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Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

MR. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

A Novelist of New York

When The Great God Success, by "John Graham," appeared last fall, it was at once seen that the author was one who was familiar with the inside workings of the great newspapers of New York, and there was much speculation as to whose identity was concealed by the pen name—for that it was a pen name was not doubted by those acquainted with the names of the prominent newspaper men of the city

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is able to announce that "John Graham" is really Mr David Graham Phillips, for years one of the principal men of the New York World Mr. Phillips is no longer a newspaper man however, as he recently resigned his position to devote his time to the writing of books and stories

The Great God Success occupied the spare time of Mr Phillips for about one year; and the statement of what that "spare time" was is a significant comment on the "strenuousness" of New York newspaper life His editorial work was usually completed after midnight, and from one to four o'clock in the morning were his hours for writing

He writes rapidly, with the facility of the trained newspaper man, but his method is to rewrite an entire story twice and then further to prune and to revise until the story is in its final shape. Following the newspaper instinct, which insists upon ruthless "blue pencilling," his work exhibits a sparseness of phrase, a terseness of description, which are distinctly attractive

How Mr. Phillips did his first work as a newspaper man makes an interesting story

He graduated at Princeton University in 1887, and went to Cincinnati, ambitious to begin a newspaper career

"I tried to get work on the principles set forth by Mark Twain," he said. "You remember that Mark Twain declares that if a young man really wants work in a certain line, he can get it if he is willing to do it without pay. He will in that way get a foothold and experience, and after a while the opportunity for pay will come

"Well, I got on the staff of one of the Cincinnati papers precisely in that way: by beginning without any salary. But after two weeks the managing editor said to the city editor

'Better discharge Phillips; he'll never make a newspaper man, can't write; hasn't got it in him.'

"But the city editor—mighty fine chap; I often think of him said: 'Oh, let's give him another trial He isn't costing anything but the paper he writes on. Let's try him for another week.'

"And about the end of that week I wrote a story that pleased them—it was a mighty poor story, I know, but I remember it as if it were only yesterday—it was about a man who played the piano so hard and so continuously that he couldn't do any work

"Well, that was the chance I needed, for the story tickled the city editor and the managing editor, too, and I suddenly found myself promoted to what seemed plutocratic affluence, for I was given a salary of ten dollars a week for work that I was eager to do."

Mr. Phillips has been a New York newspaper man since 1890, and, as his recent series of articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST plainly showed, is a sincere admirer of

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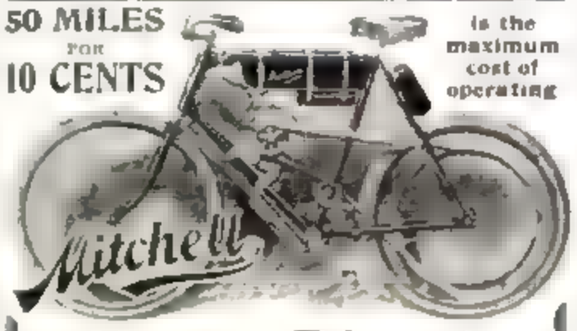

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the "new journalism," with which he has been connected for the greater part of his dozen years in the metropolis. "I look on the new journalism as a tremendous force for the public good," he says; "of course it has faults, but it achieves striking results in the interests of the people."

Mr Phillips is tall and slender, and of an attractive personality His next novel, which is to be published within a few weeks, combines Americanism with old-time romance, for in it the hero, a man from Chicago, crosses the ocean and falls in love with a charming girl of title, in a German principality which, from its name, exists only in the imagination of the novelist The title of the book, Her Serene Highness, bears in itself a delightful suggestion of charm

The Leopard's Spots

It smacks so much of a publisher's notice to say that a certain book "fills a long felt want" that I shall not say it of The Leopard's Spots (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*). Nor would it be entirely true, for though it fills a want, that want has existed and is still unfelt by those who need the book most.

But I shall be speaking only the truth if I say that to read the book now, to learn certain portions of its history which should be a liberal education, for most of the facts established by the author are quite unknown to even the so-called enlightened people, even the thinking masses of the North.

I object at this point urging the reader to accept the author as a novelist but rather as an historian. I do not urge a belief in the author's radical views nor an acceptance of the author's radical remedy. I simply say "Here is a human document You think you know all that is to be said on this subject. Read it and find how little you know of the real truth of any part of the subject." I boldly say that if there is one subject more than another upon which the North as a class is totally ignorant, it is the subject of the negro in his relation to the white population of the South. From long residence in the South I might with equal truthfulness assert that the South is quite as exquisitely ignorant of the real North, and makes no allowance for its lack of knowledge, its mistaken motives and its real nobility of purpose. The South refuses to believe that good and kind intentions could be at the foundation of all the evil resulting from Northern well-meant interference with a problem which the South can solve only if let alone

In The Leopard's Spots the hitherto silent, misunderstood and maligned South has found a fiery pen and an eloquent voice lifted in dignity in its defense. The general mass of readers will condemn the book as too radical, prejudiced and highly colored. I, for one, from absolute knowledge of my facts, do not hesitate to say that the book is moderate in tone considering what might have been written

In reading it you feel that it is an novel There are pages and pages of history but of a history quite unknown to most readers. It gives a wholly new point of view. Mr Dixon boldly takes two of the characters of Uncle Tom's Cabin and makes his story if not a sequel to that famous novel, at least an answer to the question it forever raised in the history of our nation For this reason most readers will forget that they are reading fiction. It reads like an impassioned speech or public address, embellished with personal anecdotes as illustrations. There are one or two love scenes of power, and its construction is remarkable for an author's first attempt

The book will open the eyes of Northern readers in a thousand ways to the peculiarities of the South if they read it with unprejudiced, receptive minds

For instance, the North will find it hard to believe that so contradictory a character, so prejudiced, yet so generous, so proud of his daughter yet so cruel to her, could exist as did General Worth. But he is typical.

I wonder if the North will bring its truth-loving, fair-minded spirit of justice to bear upon this picture and will dare to hear the other side. Up North we hear one side until we almost believe that this is the one question which has no other side But whether you believe it all, accept it all, or like it all have the justice to read it. It cannot fail to hold for each reader some one new thought some one new fact, some one new reason. Those of purely Northern blood have put the question For thirty-five years those of purely Southern blood have held their peace and struggled Now for the first time there speaks through the medium of the novel the history of thirty-five awful, never to be forgotten years. —*Lilian Bell.*

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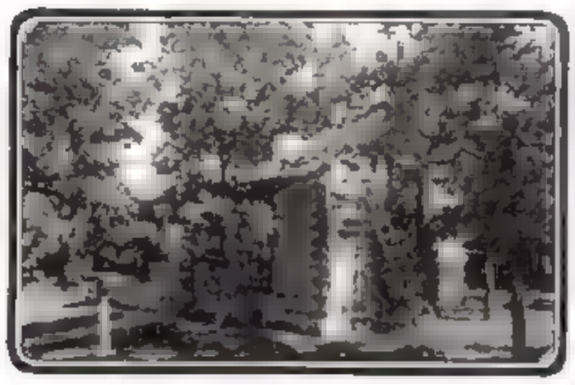
The House that Grant Built



By Homer Bassford

OFF to the southwest of the city of St Louis, on high ground, from which one may see the distant towers of the town, there is a well kept farm that is known up and down the ancient Gravois road as the Grant place. Across the road from the farm there is a nursery of new trees, and up a private road to the north there is a cleared spot, in the centre of which is an abandoned cellar, in which there now grows a vagrant peach tree. Twenty yards away there is a well, covered by stout boards, and all around there are lilac bushes that have weathered so many years that they have grown into widened clumps.

The house that once stood above the cellar was of logs, and there were two rooms and a central passage. The house called a cabin then and now was built in the summer of 1856 of logs hewed on the spot by Ulysses Simpson Grant. A few years ago this cabin was carefully taken down and moved several miles to the east, where it was set up on the grounds of a gentleman who has preserved the relic as it was forty years ago.

When the young soldier Grant came back from the Mexican War he left the army and took up the life of an agriculturist. He had made a good start in the Mexican campaign. His colonel told him that glory lay ahead of him, and there was no one sorrier than this commander when Grant definitely determined to change the course of his career.

Judge Andrew Shores, of Clayton, a few miles north of the Grant place, told a friend not long ago that he was present at Jefferson Barracks on the morning that Colonel Cumming and the young soldier took leave of each other.

"They called Grant Captain in those days," says Judge Shores. "He was a strong young fellow with a close-cropped beard, a quiet eye and a quieter tongue. When I saw him talking to his commander down at the Barracks, and when I learned that he was about to leave the army for the toil of a farmer in a new country, I wondered how long the hands that had known gloves and comfortable quarters would stand the strain of ax and grubbing hoe. Soon afterward, when I learned that Mr. Dent had set aside eighty acres of forbidding forest primeval for his soldier son-in-law I shook my head again, and began to wonder when the youth would change his mind. But he fooled all of us, and when I found that this West Point young man had actually gone into the woods and attacked the trees I was better prepared for all the great news that came to me in the years that followed. The property that Grant undertook to clear, and did clear, was thick with underbrush and towering trees. Grant got the brush out, took the trees first from a high spot of ground, smoothed the logs and asked his neighbors to a house-raising. Two of the men who helped to raise that house are still living—Asa Tesson and John Parke, both very old residents of this county.

While Grant was engaged in the work of setting up his home he had to live. Down

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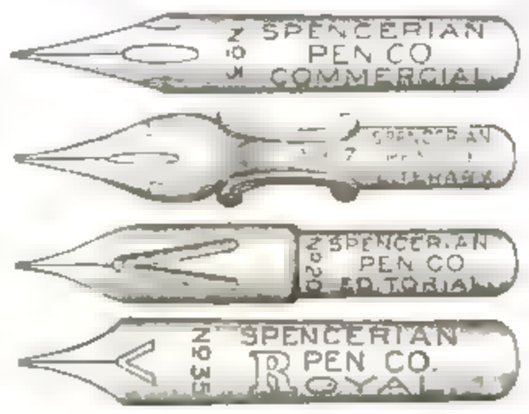

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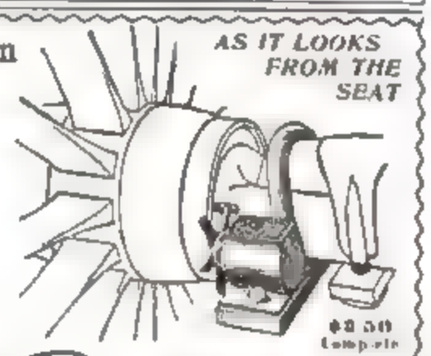

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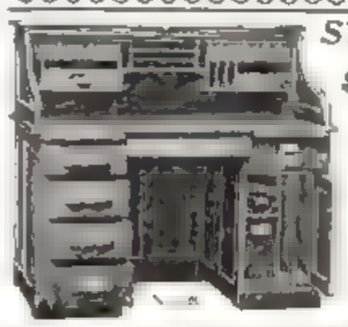

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the Gravois road three or four miles there were coal mines that needed props. The stout oak of the smaller trees on the 'eighty' were good for this, and the mine owners were willing enough to pay a fair price for the props, delivered at the mines. So Grant hitched up a roan horse and a speckled horse that he owned or had use of, and loading the timbers that he had himself cut he drove down to the mines. No one remembers that Grant ever got out top of one of these loads. He used to say that the horses had enough to do to pull the heavily loaded wagon without having the extra burden of a stout man, quite able to carry himself. So, summer and winter, the young soldier-farmer walked. Sometimes he took firewood all the way to St. Louis.'

The Webers were near neighbors of the Dents, living in a little one story house that still stands at the foot of a picturesque hill. The elder Weber was a cabinet maker, and when he went to the Dent home to repair and tune the piano he took his young son with him. One day, with his plane, the cabinet maker drew out a long and fine shaving that curled up as it fell. Miss Dent, afterward Mrs. Grant, fastened it to the Weber boy's hair and called him the "little curly-headed carpenter," a name that clung to him for many a year. It happened, too, that Grant was known up and down the Gravois road. When he had got as far as the Weber home on his way to the mines or to town he would stop, as a rule, and ask for a cup, for there was a well not far away, a well that is there yet, just as it used to be but for a rickety chain-top that bears a later date.

JUST AS IT USED TO BE

Henry Weber, who was the "little curly headed carpenter," has many pleasant recollections of "Captain" Grant.

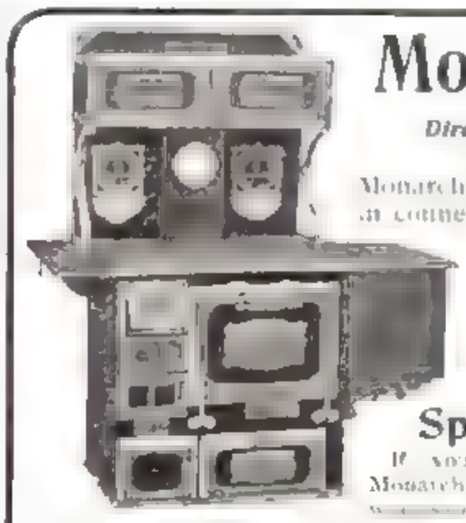
'John Parke," says Mr. Weber, 'planned one corner of Grant's cabin at the raising.' That is to say, he superintended the placing of the logs at one of the four corners. Three other men occupied similar positions at the other corners. The logs were hewed and ready, a good dinner and supper were provided, and the neighbors did the work. In the evening there was what was sometimes called a 'frolic' by the country folk of the period; a dance and 'party' for the young people. 'It is my recollection that Captain Grant did no work on that day,' said Mr. Parke recently. 'He had planned everything and there were no hitches, but he did not put his hands to the work. He merely saw that everything was in ship-shape, and most of the day he did not even put in an appearance. He seemed to have every confidence in the plans that he had laid out. Since then I have understood more of his methods at that simple house-raising than I understood at the time.

"About a year afterward, as I was passing the Grant "eighty," I saw the Captain at work in one of his little fields. I hailed him and he nodded in a friendly way as much as to ask me to come over. I walked up to where he was at work, bending over the rows. He told me that he had a new kind of bean that he expected to turn out pretty well, and that he was anxious to get the entire field planted before a certain date. It was about noon and when the sun got just right overhead I said:

"'Well, Cap'n, let's go over to the house and get something to eat.'

"'Can't do it," he said, "I've got to get these beans in, and until I see my way clear to get the job finished on time I won't eat dinner.'"

Year after year there are pilgrimages to the farm-home of Grant, the farmer-soldier. Many visitors go out from St. Louis, visitors from every part of the country; but the greater number by far are officers of the United States Army, who journey over from Jefferson Barracks for a walk about the grounds that were once under the personal cultivation of their army's greatest leader.



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A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 8)

I wonder if you know Doctor Mackay Smith, what strength I get from this little church of yours. Some days, when the strain and stress of this war seem more than I can bear, I step to one of the upper front windows of the White House and look across at the little dome of this church just rising up above the trees, and I gaze until I gather courage and power to go on.

We were all silent for a moment, paying the tribute of full hearts. I continued:

Doctor Mackay-Smith said that one Sunday morning when Bishop Potter preached he sent word over to the White House to invite Mr. McKinley to attend, and that as soon as his little daughter, Gladys, heard that the President would sit in their pew she asked permission to be allowed to sit next to the President. The permission was granted, and all during service Gladys never took her eyes off him. When the service was over and those in the pew arose preparatory to the President's departure, she put her hand out timidly and laid it on the President's coat sleeve to detain him a minute, then she said in a whisper of anxiety:

"'Mr. McKinley, is it true that you have given the order to shoot the poor sentinel who fell asleep at his post out in the Philippines? This is Christmas time, you know, Mr. McKinley.'

"'My child,' said the President, laying his hand over hers and bending down so that only she could hear, 'it is not true that the sentinel is condemned to be shot; but, if it were true, your intercession should not be in vain.'

It was odd that the memorial service the other day," said the Senator, "was on the twentieth anniversary of the eulogy that James G. Blaine pronounced upon Garfield in the very same hall, and older still that William McKinley had been on that occasion twenty years ago, chairman of the committee that had the Garfield memorial service in charge."

After a moment or two of silence Robert said, as though it were but a short step from our late war to the South African troubles:

"I tell you what a man hardly knows, or a nation either, what course to steer these days when a conflict is going on such as in South Africa. I was invited to meet these Boer envoys the other night, Wolmarans and Wessels, and two or three others in their train, DeBruyn, Van Broekhuizen and Doctor Mueller, and——"

Robert hesitated, then hurried on with more impetuosity than is usual with him:

"Although my sympathies, so far as the head is concerned, were not affected, I confess to a sense of a decided pulling at my heartstrings as I shook hands with those swart, clear-eyed, earnest and intense comers from the tip of Africa. As never before, I was impressed with the soul absorption of these people in the distressing war which is devastating their country and rounding up their women and children in concentration camps, after the Spanish fashion, which we so roundly denounced but a few short years ago. Great, big, stern and sterling-looking Wessels seemed to me like a man in whom there was neither shade nor variableness of turning. The more intellectual-appearing Wolmarans seemed like one crying in the wilderness, and Van Broekhuizen, the 'fighting parson,' as they call him, who was in the field five months, captured and banished, was a veritable mixture of the ethereal and the intensely practical.

"'Yes,' said he, as I shook his hand, 'I am called the fighting parson, and I am proud of it. Our people think that a parson is no good unless he can fight as well as preach, and,' he added, 'I like you; you shake hands like a Boer.'

"When I reminded him," continued Robert, "of Bishop Leonidas Polk, of Louisiana, who left his diocese to become a General in the Confederate Army and to die in battle, he put out his hand and shook mine again without a word, but the glance of his eyes was an oration, the import of which no one could misunderstand. Before he left me he said in a low tone:

"'We've had no news whatever of late, but that means good news always for the Boers.'

"This seemed an odd coincidence, for the next morning the world heard of Methuen's disaster. During that whole evening," Robert went on, "the only thing that approached to anything like lightness of tone

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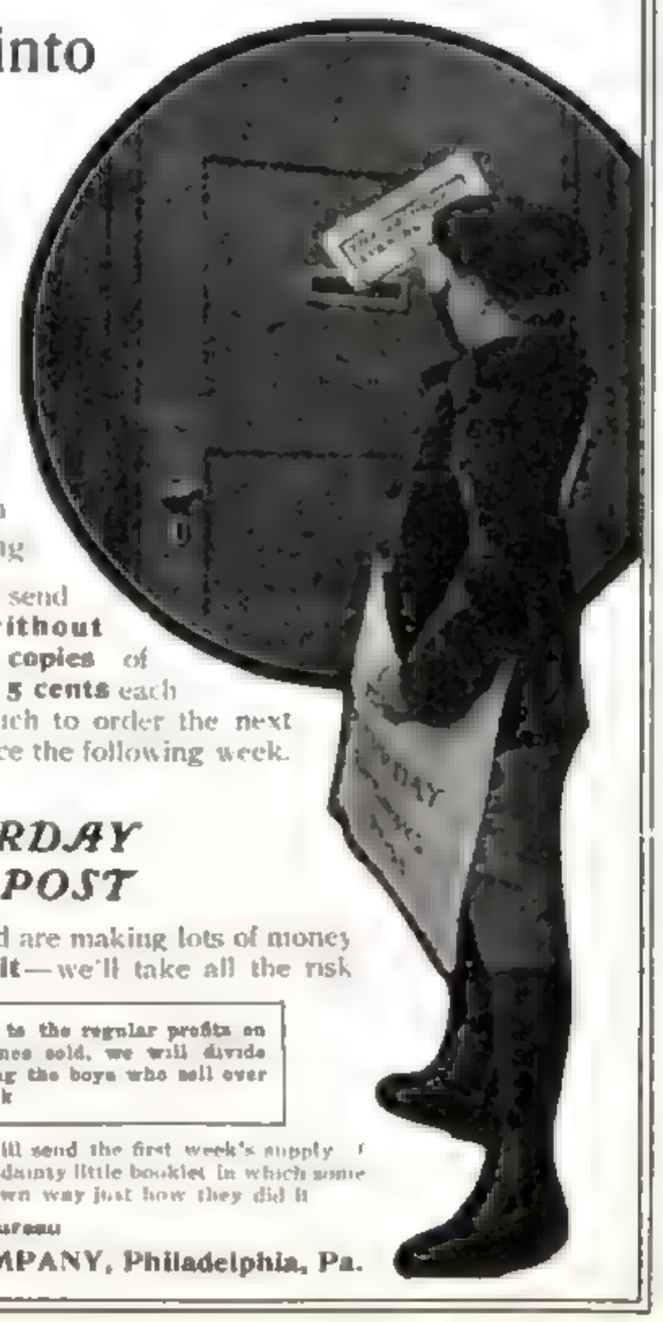

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was when Wolmarans said, with a touch of mirth:

"'The one complaint I have to make of you Americans is that the remounts you are furnishing to the British are so very poor that we hardly find them worth capturing.'"

"Yes," said I impulsively, "and we go right on shipping mules and horses for the British. Why aren't we equally ready to ship them to the other combatants, too?"

"For the simple reason," replied Robert, "that they don't buy of us. If they did, we'd sell—that's all there is to it; unless some treaty were in the way." Then he went on:

"After meeting the Boers that night some of us went around to the Cosmos Club, and John R. Procter, the Civil Service Commissioner, made a remark concerning this Boer War which most of us chimed in with:

"'I was Colonel in the Confederate Army,' said he; 'I fought for a lost cause, and I would say and advise that it is the part of the supremest courage and the supremest good sense for a people to give up when they are, as we were in the South, "up against it."'"

"And I want," said I, interrupting, "to propound a question right here apropos of Mr. Procter of the Civil Service and the Administration's attitude concerning this Civil Service business. Why was there a discrimination made against the Census clerks coming into the Classified Service, when with a stroke of the Executive pen the temporary War Department clerks and the Rural Free Delivery clerks were swept into the Service without a protest?"

"It was the clearest case," laughed the Senator, "of our buncoing ourselves up in Congress out of what was clearly our Congressional will in the matter. We meant to take care of those clerks and then we left them so that their heads could be chopped off."

The Senator smiled grimly, and after a pause asked:

"What do you think of Moody's going into the Cabinet, Slocum?"

"Oh, I like it," said Robert heartily. "I knew him in the House and I see him at the Metropolitan Club. He's what we would call a good 'mixer' with men. He's always harmonious, strong and impressive——"

"And," I interrupted, "one of the best golf players in town—and a bachelor to boot!"

"I can fancy the importance of the latter qualification," said the Senator; then he went on seriously:

"I cannot help thinking, however, that Moody is putting a spoke in his career by taking a Cabinet portfolio. He is the natural and logical successor to Senator Hoar, and Cabinet officers are the most quickly forgotten of all men in public life. I had a talk with Moody the other day and I could not help asking him why he wanted to get into the 'list of the forgotten.' Of course he did not see it as I see it, and he asked me to give my views. I said:

"'You are leaving the one place which is the sphere of prominence and influence in public life. The great American leaders have achieved their leadership in the House, and most of them have never increased it by going into the Senate, and not a few have wholly destroyed it by going into the Cabinet: witness Garland, Bayard, Sherman and Blaine; and again, it was the half-way station to Mr. Carlisle's retirement to private life. And Mr. Windom, the one man of recent years to distinguish himself greatly as a Cabinet officer, owed his success in that respect to the fact that he had the unique opportunity of turning to account a financial situation not likely to be repeated in American history, and this was followed by his opportune death before the brightness and wonder of his success was dulled.'"

"That is all Gospel truth," said Robert with conviction. "I suppose you have heard that Moody was persuaded into the Cabinet in order to make room in his home district for a certain aspirant for Congressional honors?"

"Yes," said the Senator; "it is scarcely to be credited, however. Moody's Congressional district is distinguishing itself. This will be the third Cabinet officer it has furnished, the other two being Timothy Pickering, who was Washington's Secretary of State, and Caleb Cushing, who was Frank Pierce's Attorney-General."

"I was up in the Senate the other day," I said, breaking into the conversation; "I heard some of the speeches on the Shipping bill, and——"

"And what?" asked the Senator, hoping to get me started.

"Well, I heard some of the prettiest bits of sophistry that I've ever heard in my life.

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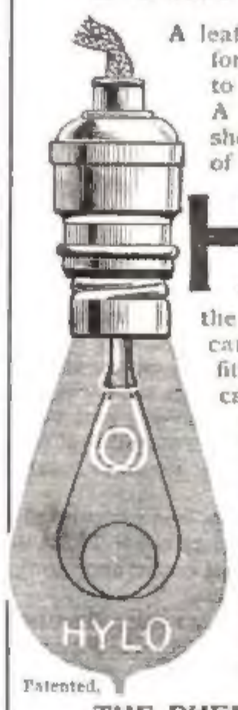

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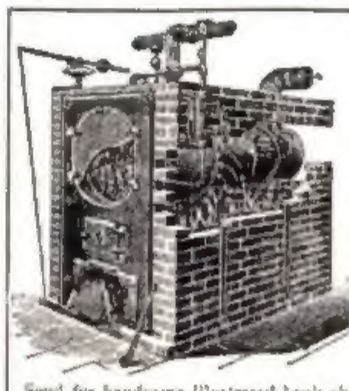

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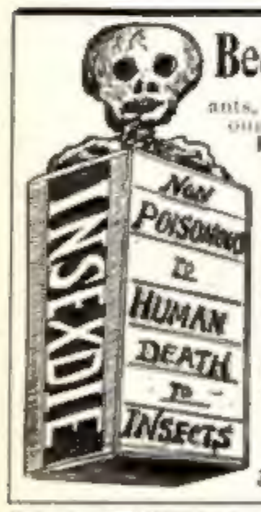

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Now, sophistry is all very smooth and ornamental, but it is only a window curtain to shut out the light. I also heard some astonishing pronunciations of proper names. Why United States Senators will persist in pronouncing Cuba as though spelled 'Cuby,' and Russia as though spelled 'Rush-y,' and Georgia as though 'Geog-y,' passes me."

"Goodness, Mrs. Slocum, I hope you did not hear either Slocum or me pronounce them thus!" said the Senator with mock alarm. "Whom did you hear make speeches?"

"Well, Mr. Depew was one?"

"Oh," exclaimed the Senator with great glee, "it must have been Depew who said 'Cuby' and 'Geog-y'!"

"No; it was not Mr. Depew. He is far too polished in his diction. But he said one thing that amused me. He was paying his respects to Mr. Bacon and the opposition generally. He said that the gentlemen on the other side of the Chamber, whenever a bill was up that called for money, had very convenient attacks of conscience, and that the father of that conscience was Thomas Jefferson. He said:

"'Why, Thomas Jefferson was plagued all his life with a conscience, but even Thomas Jefferson was able to lay that conscience long enough to purchase Louisiana.'"

"And that reminds me," said the Senator, "that a very funny bet was made between Proctor and Berry the other day. A certain Senator who is very able, but who is given to shaking out the Constitution on all occasions very much as he would shake out his pocket-handkerchief, was going to make a speech, and Proctor said to Berry just as he was about to settle down into his chair:

"'I'll bet you, Berry, that he'll talk Constitution to us for two hours.'

"'I'll bet you, Proctor, five dollars that he'll mention Thomas Jefferson's name in the first ten minutes of his speech,' said Berry, leaning back on his crutch.

"'Done!' said Proctor, taking out his watch as the speech began.

"Sure enough, in four minutes the name of Thomas Jefferson floated across the Senate Chamber, in another two minutes it was sounded again, and within another three it came yet again. The two Senators exchanged glances of mingled triumph and despair, and Berry whispered:

"'I say, Proctor, I only bet on the first mention, for, much as I revere that great dead-and-gone statesman, I'll be hanged if I'll pay fifteen dollars for three Thomas Jeffersons!'"

The Lieutenant and the Princess

By Molly Elliot Seawell

(Concluded from Page 11)

fast and ever faster, meaning that the sunrise should find him a hundred miles from Wolfsgarten.

Scarcely had the faint sound of his footfalls ceased, when Elsa heard the Princess Sophie softly calling her.

"Elsa," said the little Princess, "I think—I feel—he is gone. I shall never see him again. I, too, shall go soon. But wherever, or whenever I go, nothing—not death, nor the grave, nor the angels themselves—can rob me of the happiness I felt a little while ago, when he was with me. Dear Elsa, I know he is your lover—but, indeed—I could not help loving him. Take me to bed."

About midnight, Elsa, sitting by her bedside, saw the little Princess' eyes bright and wide open. She asked to be raised up in bed, and the window opened for air. The moon was going down, the nightingales no longer sang—the lake had no moonlit glory upon it—darkness and silence were over all things.

"Elsa," said the child, struggling for breath between each word, "you and the Herr Lieutenant and Heinrich thought me a child still—but I was a woman——" She spoke of herself as one already gone. "I mean, a woman in my heart—for I fell in love with the Herr Lieutenant—and I think he loved me. Forgive us both, dear, good Elsa. Ask him not to forget his poor little Sophie. Everything grows dark. Has the moon gone down?"

Just then the fading moon sank out of sight beyond the dark and solemn mountain-tops, leaving the world in darkness; and at the same moment the little Princess, with a long and peaceful breath, like one resting after much grief and labor, passed swiftly into the far country.

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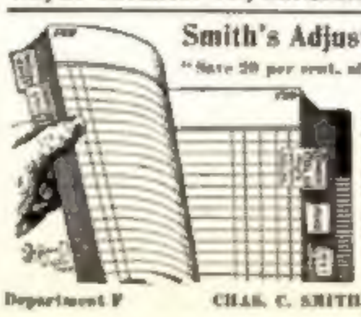

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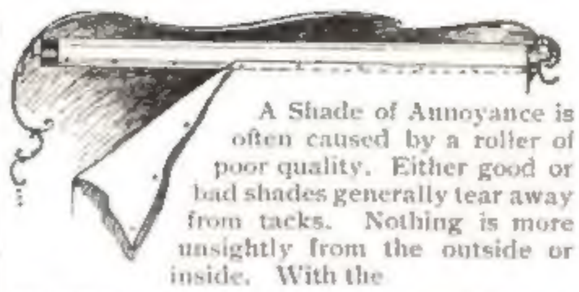

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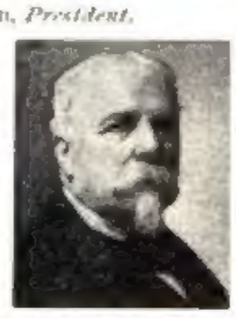

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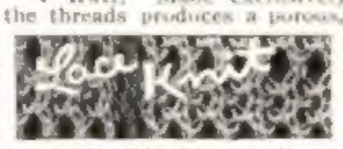

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This simply goes to show what vast multitudes live in Brooklyn to-day in spite of this awful congestion. But a marvellous change is coming soon, in new bridges and tunnels, and with these *must* come an immensely augmented rush to the City of Homes, followed by the inevitable increase of building operations and consequent growth in realty values. Last year nearly three thousand new buildings were erected in Brooklyn, costing between twelve and thirteen millions, *of which one-fifth were in the 29th Ward*, where Rugby lies. What will the record be when even the first new bridge, now nearing completion, with its direct trolleys through Rugby, is opened? What will it be when the immense projects of the Pennsylvania Railway, which now has a station at Rugby, are in full operation? What will it be when still other bridges and tunnels are completed and hundreds of thousands more people, now waiting, can be accommodated? The last decade has seen an *increase* in Brooklyn's population nearly equal to the total population of Boston — 500,000. What will the next decade show?

It's safe to say that the wildest prophecies of to-day will fall far short of the reality; but by conservative estimate New York's population will exceed that of all London in ten years' time. *Think what that means to the investor*— for history shows that the increase in New York's population and realty has been maintained in almost equal proportions. If the general public could realize as we do the full significance of the present situation, and its inevitable consequences for the future, *every foot of Brooklyn's undeveloped land would be bought up before another sunset!* That people the country over are beginning to realize it, is evidenced by the fact that we have sold over two million dollars' worth of land here in but little over a year — faster and faster each month as the facts become better appreciated — over a million dollars' worth the past four months — over $270,000 worth since our last advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST appeared. It's a magnificent record to have given satisfaction to investors of over two million dollars! And yet — we cannot help asking ourselves, in view of the facts as we on the ground can see them —

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in a recent message: ***"There are three bridges planned for and in course of construction across the East River (to Brooklyn). It is evidently the duty of the City to carry forward all these bridges as rapidly as possible, the first of which it is estimated will be completed within the next 20 months."***

Over $35,000,000 has been appropriated for these new bridges, and the first (shown above) will have double the carrying capacity of the old bridge.

— and we know it's simply because many of our statements at first appear extravagant to those unacquainted with the wonderful New York situation, and that we haven't yet gotten the *full* confidence of *all* the people — in other words, the proposition *seems too good to be true*. If everyone who has read it *believed* it to be what those who've come here have *found* it to be — "a plain statement of facts, not exaggerated in the least, but just as represented," we should long since have sold our last lot. Hundreds of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers *have* trusted our advertisements, taken us at our word, and afterwards investigated to their complete satisfaction — yet what of the others? Why not thousands instead of hundreds? For months we've been telling in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST pages of these unparalleled opportunities for safe investment of large profit, offering 20 per cent. guaranteed increase within a year, offering a $480 lot for only $10 down and $6 a month until paid for — a lot intrinsically worth thousands of dollars and which will *bring* thousands of dollars inside of ten years; offering free life insurance and non-forfeiture agreements with it; offering a free trip to New York to examine it; offering to return all the money you've paid us, with 6 per cent. interest added, if you find on investigating within a year that we've misrepresented our proposition in any particular. We know there's nothing in the world to equal this in the three essentials of a sterling investment, viz.: safety, certainty and rapid increase, and we challenge the world to equal it in all three particulars.

Nor do we ask you to rely entirely upon our own word — sufficient, perhaps, as that would seem to be, with our long and honorable record — 15 years in 26 cities, with nearly 40,000 customers and the highest endorsement of the commercial agencies. We add to all this the convincing testimony of *Rugby buyers* who know from personal examination — of representative citizens from all parts of the country who have bought, who have seen, and are more than satisfied, many doubling again and again their original mail investment.

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Is there anything more we can do to convince you? If there is, please tell us, and we'll try to meet it to your satisfaction. We believe we can do it. Just tell us. That's all.

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. "G 7," 257 Broadway, New York

Our Final Word of Counsel: These lots are selling very fast. To secure best selections and an immediate share in the increase of values, send us $10 now. Then, if you're not perfectly satisfied, on examining our entire proposition within one year, that it's just as represented, we'll gladly return to you — cheerfully and without quibbling — all the money you've paid us. Isn't this fair? Sit right down and mail us $10. You'll never regret it!